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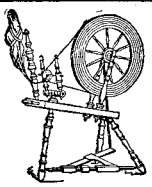

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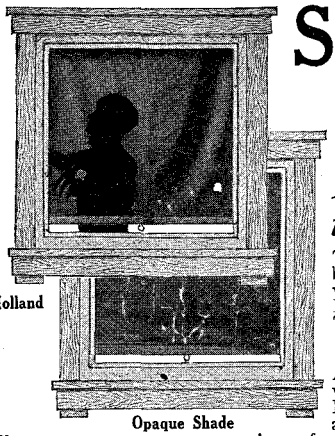

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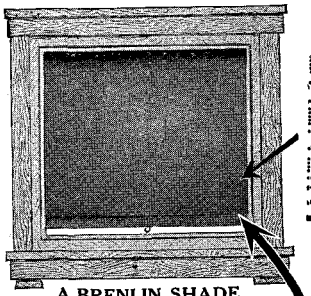

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The Outlook

JULY 10, 1909

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE OUTLOOK COMPANY, 287 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
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THE NEW YORK POLICE SITUATION

The retirement of General Theodore A. Bingham as head of the New York police force is something far more than an incident of local municipal administration. It is a grave event in the history of the biggest city in the land; it is likely to have great influence in determining what kind of government New York City will have for the coming four years; and it raises the whole question of police authority and police administration, which constitute as serious a problem as any in that whole range of serious problems which concern municipal government. It is by the police that the city exercises most directly its elementary function of protecting life and property. It is through the police that the community as a whole deals most directly with the vast majority of individual citizens. It is within the police that can and usually does exist the most corrupting evil of graft. By the enforced retirement of Commissioner Bingham the whole police question has been raised. The appointment, three and a half years ago, of General Bingham as Police Commissioner by Mayor McClellan was greeted by public-spirited citizens as a sign of great promise. It indicated primarily that the Mayor was willing to have the police force removed from the influence and control of dealers in political offices. The curse of the police in New York has been that the real power in police affairs has been the district bosses, and through them the political rings that divide between themselves the rule of the city. General Bingham's politics were unknown; he was not even a resident of New York City; by training as an army officer and by temperament he found political intrigue and small politicians repugnant; he undertook the task because he was interested in seeing whether he could secure police efficiency by some of the methods and a measure of the spirit that make an army efficient. Bluff in manner, outspoken and rough in speech, determined to exercise authority, and assured of liberty of action sufficient to warrant responsibility for his acts, he went about his task without any regard for those traditions which politicians had woven about Police Headquarters. At once he made an enemy of Tammany Hall and machine politicians generally. The fact that he increased the efficiency of the police force is not open to reasonable or intelligent debate. Before his day the Police Department actually kept no record of the crimes committed within the city; Commissioner Bingham instituted a system of collecting and recording information on that point. Before his day the control of traffic in the city streets, though taken in hand by his predecessor, was still undeveloped; Commissioner Bingham has succeeded in making the movement of pedestrians and of vehicles in the streets orderly, and therefore expeditious. Before his day big burglaries were not infrequent; Commissioner Bingham has succeeded in so getting his hand upon the few crooks who are capable of such crimes that he has reduced to an almost negligible quantity crimes of this class. Most important of all, before his day the Police Department was so organized that it was impossible for the Commissioner to enforce his will on his chief subordinates; Commissioner Bingham, by wise insistence, secured the passage of a bill which enabled him to exercise an authority more nearly commensurate with his responsibility. The obstacles against which Commissioner Bingham had to contend were numerous, and some of them were fundamental. He had to work with subordinates who knew that his hold on office was feeble, while theirs was very tight,

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men who, being protected by the courts, could defy him with small fear of punishment. He also had to contend against the action of certain police magistrates who represent some of the most vicious and lawless elements of city life. In spite of them all, he made the police a more efficient instrument of law and order and of public service than it has ever been before. Now he has been summarily, and without a hearing, forced out of office by his superior, Mayor George B. McClellan. The removal of such a Commissioner of Police can be justified only by reasons which are so obviously overpowering that they are unanswerable. What are the reasons?

"MUGGING"

Whatever the real reasons may be, the occasion of General Bingham's removal is the investigation of what is known as the Duffy case. About two years ago a young man by the name of Duffy was arrested, and, after being locked up, was measured and photographed. His name and the measurements identifying him were placed among the police records and his picture was kept with the collection that is popularly known as the Rogues' Gallery. He was thereafter several times rearrested. Justice Gaynor, of the Supreme Court of the State, wrote to the Police Commissioner to say that he thought the young man's picture should be removed. The Commissioner quoted the record of the boy as testified to by the police, but said that, if Judge Gaynor asked it, the picture would be removed. The Judge declined to ask it, and, in the absence of a specific request, the Commissioner declined to act in contradiction to his subordinates' testimony. Thereupon Justice Gaynor wrote a violent letter of complaint to the Mayor, denouncing, not only the Commissioner, but also the practice of the police in taking and keeping the measurements and pictures (in police parlance, the "mugging") of unconvicted persons. The Mayor took the matter under consideration. He ordered an investigation. After nearly a month he issued his decision on Wednesday of last week. It is as a consequence of that decision that Police Commissioner Bingham is now out of office.

THE RESPONSIBILITY OF MAYOR McCLELLAN

If the Mayor had wished to express his disapproval of the police action in the Duffy case, there were two courses which he might with dignity have taken: He might have judged that the practice of the police in taking the records of unconvicted persons was illegal and outrageous, or that the Police Department was in an intolerable condition, and on either ground have dismissed the Police Commissioner. Or he might have decided that a mistake had been committed and have pointed out to the Commissioner that, although he trusted him, he saw certain errors or faults that should be corrected. As a matter of fact, Mayor McClellan did neither. He sustained the practice of the police in taking the records of unconvicted persons; he directed the police to give up the Duffy boy's records, which the Commissioner had already expressly said he was willing to do; and then he issued orders (concerning chiefly, but not wholly, the police in the Borough of Brooklyn) which virtually made of the Commissioner a puppet. These orders, issued about six o'clock in the evening, he directed should be carried out within twelve hours—that is, about six o'clock the next morning. In addition, the Mayor placed detectives at the office of the Commissioner to see that the Commissioner removed no papers. In other words, he retained his Commissioner of Police, and then treated him with every evidence of marked and thoroughgoing distrust. The orders which the Mayor gave were for the dismissal of some officials, the transfer of others, and the appointment of still others. All of these orders General Bingham did not feel it to be his duty to carry out. In his reply to the Mayor, General Bingham called his attention to the fact that while the Mayor had "reached and published conclusions in this case, I, the head of the department, have not been consulted, nor have I been permitted to appear in the case, either personally or by counsel." He points out further that inasmuch as he himself is responsible for the department, he cannot make appointments or dismissals contrary to his own convictions. Concerning Deputy Commissioner Hanson, ordered dismissed for implication in the Duffy case

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and for inability as trial commissioner, General Bingham declares:

> Mr. Hanson was in no way implicated in the Duffy case, except that he took one affidavit that I ordered him to take.
>
> I know of my own personal knowledge that fewer dismissed policemen tried by Mr. Hanson have been put back on the force than before.

Concerning Mr. Slattery, his private secretary, whom the Mayor peremptorily ordered dismissed, he says:

> You yourself recommended Mr. Slattery to me on December 29, 1905. I have found him able, faithful, honest, and the city of New York never had a more worthy and deserving official. If I am to be responsible to your Honor and to the city of New York for the conduct of the Police Department, my decision must govern in the choice of a personal secretary.
>
> I decline to remove Mr. Slattery from office.

Other characteristic statements are these:

> You direct me to appoint a certain man as Third Deputy Commissioner, a man whom I have never seen, have never heard of, and know nothing about. Before filling an office which is so important to the police force and the city of New York, and for the proper conduct of which I am responsible, I must ask time to investigate.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> I prize so highly my reputation with the police force for fair dealing that I respectfully request your Honor to prefer charges against [Inspector] Russell for making a false statement, so that he may have a chance to defend himself in the open.

The Commissioner's removal came immediately upon the Mayor's receipt of this letter. The fact that the municipal elections are approaching, and that the control of the police by Tammany Hall would be of incalculable value to that organization, has not been overlooked. Mayor McClellan has himself to thank if public opinion in New York not only should interpret this removal of General Bingham as a move for the control of the election, but should also seize upon this as the incident heretofore lacking by which the malignant influence of machine politics upon the city may be made a graphic issue in the municipal campaign.

AT THE COLLEGES

The presence of the President at the Yale Commencement gave that always crowded and popular function an added zest; and at all the exercises the Yale spirit showed itself in its most contagious form. The President said, among other things, that he had learned that, in the opinion of the American people, "one of the chief functions of the President of the United States is to increase box-office receipts and the sale of excursion tickets;" and expressed his pleasure in being at New Haven without any of the advertising features which are no small part of the burden of the Chief Executive. The only reference to politics made by the President was his comment on the failure of the Democratic party as a party of opposition, following it by the significant statement: "If the Republican party does not live up to what is expected of it, it will be relegated to the status of "her Majesty's Opposition." The sentence was interpreted as bearing directly on the tariff situation, and was received with great applause. Admiral Sperry, who was made Doctor of Laws, evoked from the President a very complimentary reference to the wonderful trip of the fleet around the world. Three women received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. The subject of the thesis of one of these Ph.D.'s was "Generalized Definition of an Improper Multiple Integral," Bishop Lawrence expressing surprise that Yale should confer a degree upon a woman for a definition of something so improper as an improper multiple integral. The subjects of theses of Doctors of Philosophy of late years have been so highly specialized as to afford innocent amusement to academic audiences. One of the young men at Yale grappled with the subject "The Intracellular Enzymes of Penicillium and Aspergillus, with Especial Reference to Those of the Penicillium Camemberti." Professor Sumner was the recipient of a Doctorate of Laws, and also of a tremendous ovation.

DR. HADLEY'S REPORT

The most important utterance at New Haven was contained in President Hadley's annual report. After discussing the diminution in the study of Greek, and expressing the opinion that a man's rating in Greek involved something more than good luck, Dr. Hadley declared that there never were intellectual competitions keener than the classical competitions at

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Oxford in the days when the best men in England wanted their sons to learn the intellectual game of Greek. Personally, he deplored the subsidence of interest in that study, and is of opinion that in the endeavor to get more practical results in the way of knowledge, many American college boys have lost the training which Greek would have given them and gained nothing of equal value in its place. He recognized the fact, however, that colleges cannot teach a thing to a public which does not want to study it, and that an increasing part of the American public does not care to have its sons study Greek. It is harder, however, to manage a college in which the students do not want to study Greek; harder to enforce habits of regularity; to organize intellectual competitions, and to make examination marks a test of ability. Formerly we allowed our zeal for hard work to make us lose sight of the necessity of culture. To-day the advance champions of freedom of choice are allowing their zeal for culture to blind them to the necessity of hard work. "In introducing competitions among instructors, we have lost the benefit of competition among students. In meeting individuality of taste, we have lost the intellectual coherence of undergraduate life." Dr. Hadley expressed his opinion that the most valuable quality a college professor can have is the instinct and power which express themselves in sound research. The professor must be able to give his better students a motive and stimulus for work; he must be a growing man, and only investigators are growing teachers. Two plans are now proposed for the reorganization of undergraduate courses: one looking toward making the college a place of technical study; the other seeking the promotion of general culture by introducing the element of intellectual competition, attained at Oxford and Cambridge by the establishment of honor courses. In those universities the men choose between a pass course and an honor course, the pass degree being not unlike the requirements of an American college degree. The honor courses involve competitions in classics, mathematics, history, or philosophy, the requirements for success being qualitative, not quantitative; the examinations being, in fact, tests of power; so that a first-class man in any of the honor courses at the two universities is a man of power. Dr. Hadley frankly declared that he should be glad to see the English system of separating honor men from pass men introduced at Yale, and allowing any man who has attained a good general standing at the end of his first year to become a candidate for honors and to be relieved of many of his attendant requirements, so as to give him larger time and opportunity for advanced work.

HARVARD, RUTGERS AND WILLIAMS

At Harvard Commencement was made notable by the attendance of thousands of alumni, and the presence of ex-President Eliot, who received two honorary degrees—Honorary Doctor of Medicine and Doctor of Laws. In bestowing the former, President Lowell said that it had not been the custom of Harvard to confer the degree of Doctor of Medicine, *honoris causa*, but that exception had been made in the case of one who, "in the opinion of professors of medicine, has accomplished more for the progress of medical education in this country than any other living man. Not in its buildings alone, but also in the instruction and research within its walls; he found our medical school brick, and left it marble." In bestowing the degree of Doctor of Laws, President Lowell characterized Dr. Eliot as "teacher, administrator, orator, prophet; forty years the leader and guide of Harvard, and in the single-minded elevation of his character a model to her sons; the father of the present American university, the brother of all teachers, and the friend of every lover of his country." Dr. Eliot was also elected President Emeritus of Harvard University, a unique honor, the office having been specially created for him. Rutgers College, New Brunswick, New Jersey, recently celebrated its one hundredth anniversary, President Demarest giving the historical address, and recalling the fact that Rutgers, like some other colleges of the same period, derived a part of its original endowment from the sale of lottery tickets. Governor Fort, speaking at the alumni

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dinner, declared that "the college man is the man of the hour. A man without the advantages of a college education may do much, but the college man tends to make for better government and civic righteousness. If you go on without doing something for the betterment of conditions, you have not done your duty. If you do not help to further the cause of better government, you help to defeat the purpose of this Republic. The man who does not do all in his power for the betterment of conditions is just as guilty by non-action as the man who by wrong actions helps to defeat improvements." The usual announcements of generous gifts were made at a number of colleges. Williams is to receive a beautiful assembly hall from the Hon. Alfred C. Chapin and a thoroughly equipped infirmary from Mrs. Frederick P. Thompson, the donor of the beautiful Memorial Chapel. In the athletic world Harvard's triple victory over Yale in the boat races at New London, and Cornell's triple victory at Poughkeepsie over four other colleges, were the most notable events of last week.

BROWN UNIVERSITY AND DENOMINATIONAL RESTRICTIONS

The most important event at the Commencement of Brown University was the report of the Committee appointed by its Trustees and Fellows to consider the wisdom of removing those provisions in the charter which impose denominational requirements in the election of trustees, fellows, president, professors, and tutors, and restrictions in public instruction in matters of sectarian opinions. The Committee presented a long and very interesting report, indicating that they had considered every aspect of the matter in hand, and had endeavored to deal with all the interests involved in the broadest and most dispassionate spirit. The report is a long one; but the gist of it is summed up in the statement that the Committee "believe that the purposes of the founders, in the light of present conditions, would be best fulfilled by the removal of specific denominational requirements from the charter; and that harmonious action to this end, with due consideration of all interests affected, would greatly promote the welfare of the University." The report affirms that this fundamental change is not recommended because it is desirable to secure the benefits of the Carnegie Foundation for the faculty. "We frankly acknowledge that the Carnegie Foundation has brought the issue of charter revision again to the front, and that we do desire, not for the corporation, but for our faculty, the benefits of that foundation." "Nevertheless," the report goes on to say, "the reasons for change existed fifty years ago, and would remain if the Carnegie Foundation should vanish." The reasons for the removal of denominational restrictions from the government of the charter may be briefly summed up: In the judgment of the Committee, these changes would preserve the spirit and fulfill the purposes of the founders; they would avoid the necessity of inquisition into the theological position and ecclesiastical relation of every candidate for the Board of Trustees; they would avoid all religious tests for members of the teaching staff; they would render eligible to the Board of Trustees a large section of the alumni which is now excluded; they would remove public misconstruction as to the liberal and catholic attitude of the University, and "secure for our faculty both the recognition to which they are entitled and the support for themselves in their old age and for their families which such recognition involves." These reasons are reinforced by facts taken from the history of the University. No man supposes that if the founders of Brown were to-day establishing the institution, they would put in the charter the restrictive clauses now found there; for no other charter in America apportions so exclusively a fixed number of trustees among a limited number of churches and implicitly excludes all other churches. Men are frequently nominated for trustees whose denominational eligibility is questioned, and cannot be determined without very undesirable investigations. The question as to what constitutes membership in a given denomination grows more and more difficult. Denominational barriers are falling. Nicholas Brown, whose name the University bears, was not a church member. John Carter Brown, one of the most distinguished trustees Brown has ever had, never joined

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any church. Mr. Littlefield, the largest single benefactor of the University, although he attended the Baptist Church, did not join it. While there is not the slightest attempt at denominational propaganda in the University and its atmosphere is as free as that of any other institution in the country, it is almost impossible to persuade the public that this is the fact, so long as denominational restrictions are part of the charter. The Committee was unanimous in presenting this admirable report. No immediate action will be taken by the corporation; but it is hoped that the report will be ultimately adopted without serious antagonism; and it is greatly to be desired for the sake of the University that this beneficent result may be brought about.

JOHN CROSBY BROWN

Mr. John Crosby Brown, who died recently at his summer home at Orange, New Jersey, was one of those men who sweeten and enrich the life of a city. The son of an eminent banker and philanthropist, graduated from Columbia University at the head of his class, taken into his father's banking house, Brown Brothers & Co., by initiation in the London office, Mr. Brown early attained a position of marked influence and responsibility in the financial world, and was associated with many important financial institutions. From his entrance into business until the day of his death his name was a synonym for integrity, courtesy, and kindly dealing. But he was much more than a man of affairs; he was a cultivated gentleman and a devout Christian. Affiliated with a number of the foremost religious and intellectual activities of the city, he was long a leader in the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, and was largely instrumental in founding and maintaining a Presbyterian church near his summer home. He was a trustee of Columbia University, and took a deep interest in its prosperity. He was trustee and treasurer of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and gave a great deal of time and thought during the later years of his life to Union Theological Seminary, of which both his father and he were large benefactors, his father-in-law, the Rev. Dr. William Adams, having been for seven years President of the Seminary. His was not the service of the conventional trustee, but rather of the devoted and efficient guide and leader. His gifts of money were generous; his gifts of time and strength and judgment were prodigal. In the crisis which came to the Seminary in connection with Dr. Briggs, Mr. Brown stood stanchly for freedom in religious thinking and teaching, and for the independence of theological institutions. The result of the attitude taken by the Seminary at that time has been a prosperity without a parallel in its earlier history. Mr. Brown ardently favored the plan of moving the Seminary to its new site near Riverside Drive, and followed with unflagging interest every step in the construction of the new buildings, his last public appearance being at the laying of the corner-stone, in November last, and at the inauguration of President Francis Brown, on the evening of that day. Quiet, gentle, never obtrusive, but always in his place, Mr. Brown made integrity beautiful and righteousness contagious. He had a host of friends; for to know such a man is to respect and love him. All kinds of honors were his; but it may be suspected that none of them were so dear to him as the trust and confidence of those who knew him best.

NOW FOR AN HONEST CENSUS

Last week Congress passed the Census Bills. The taking of the census every ten years has become a serious matter. The increase of population calls for a continually larger number of supervisors and enumerators. It is now necessary to employ nearly four hundred supervisors and seventy thousand enumerators. To provide for the cost, the President has just signed a bill appropriating ten million dollars for the taking of next year's census. Another bill, providing for the quality of the census-takers, has finally emerged from conference and is ready for the President's signature. The last census was that of 1900. Ex-President Roosevelt rightly vetoed a bill passed last winter by Congress which provided for the taking of the census, but which purposely omitted to provide for the appointment of the clerks

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and other employees by competitive examination under the Civil Service. The inclusion of these employees in the Civil Service rules is a necessity. The late Carroll D. Wright, who was once Commissioner of the Census, declared that if this rule had obtained in his term of office there would have been a saving of at least two million dollars and more than a year's time. When the bill reappeared in the present Congress, the defect had been remedied. But, in the opinion of some, a minor defect remained and has delayed the bill's final passage—the question of apportionment. The Civil Service Law provides that men shall be appointed to office under an apportionment accorded to the several States according to their population. The bill has now been arranged to save the Census Bureau from being swamped by many persons who live in the District of Columbia, drawn there by public employment, and who, for office-holding purposes, transmit their technical citizenship in the States from which they come to their children and grandchildren. Under the act now before the President, the appointees selected for the work must actually have lived for at least one year in the State from which they are named. The provision may increase the cost of examination of candidates somewhat, but it will certainly distribute Government employment more widely. In any event, the passage of the bill through conference marks another triumph of the late Administration in regard to Civil Service Reform. It establishes for the whole census system the principle that a public servant should be chosen on merit.

THE SUGAR TRUST AND ITS PENNSYLVANIA RIVAL

The Federal Grand Jury in New York has found indictments against the American Sugar Refining Company (the Sugar Trust) and eight individuals for a violation of the criminal clause of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law in connection with the loan to Mr. Adolph Segal, of the Pennsylvania Sugar Company. The individuals who are indicted are Mr. John E. Parsons, for many years Chief Counsel and a director of the Sugar Company; Mr. Washington B. Thomas, the President; Mr. Arthur Donner, the Treasurer; and Mr. Charles H. Senff, Mr. John Mayer, and Mr. George H. Frazier, directors of the Company; Mr. Thomas B. Harned, counsel for Segal when the loan was made; and Mr. Gustave E. Kissel, who acted as agent for the Company in making the loan. The indictments charge that the defendants were guilty of various acts constituting a conspiracy in restraint of trade. These acts consisted in lending to Mr. Segal, through Mr. Kissel, a million and a quarter dollars, and thereby securing such control of his Pennsylvania Sugar Company and its newly erected refinery as enabled them to keep the refinery from opening, and so to eliminate its possible competition. An important point in the case, from the point of view of equity, if not of law, lies in the question whether Mr. Segal knew, when he made the loan, that he was dealing in reality with the Sugar Trust. Three weeks ago The Outlook, in commenting upon the case, said that "Mr. Segal was of course entirely ignorant of the fact that the man who was doing him this favor was an agent of the Sugar Trust. . . . As a result, Mr. Segal, this independent refiner, who had been duped into falling under control of the Trust, was financially ruined." On the authority of Mr. Kissel's counsel we are informed that Mr. Kissel asked to appear before the Grand Jury and submit his books and papers; but that this privilege was denied in spite of the fact that he offered to waive immunity. Moreover, a correspondent has called our attention to the report of the case between the receiver for the Pennsylvania Company and the American Sugar Refining Company before the Court of Chancery of New Jersey. The contention in this case was somewhat different from that in the case which has recently been settled out of court, but the facts which were brought out in the two actions were presumably the same. The Vice-Chancellor of New Jersey, in the course of his opinion dismissing the complaint, said: "The fact is, as I believe, that Mr. Segal knew from the first that the loan was to be made by the American Sugar Company. In other words, I believe that, in casting about him for the procurement of a loan with which to complete his Majestic Apartment House, he

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conceived the idea that through his virtual ownership and his actual control of a majority of stock of the Pennsylvania Sugar Company he could secure such loan from the American Sugar Company, under an agreement whereby the Pennsylvania Sugar Company was not to be run in competition with the American Sugar Company. Upon this head there is no difficulty, and I think that the defendant himself does not seriously contend otherwise." If the Vice-Chancellor's reading of the facts is correct, and he, of course, has had the best opportunity of weighing the evidence, a somewhat different complexion is put upon the case. If Mr. Segal knew that he was borrowing from the American Sugar Refining Company, that Company was certainly not guilty of ruining a competitor under cover of an act of friendship. In fact, if the Chancellor is right, ruin is probably much too harsh a word, for he says of the Pennsylvania Company, at the time the loan was sought, that it "was therefore insolvent, and, apparently, hopelessly so." One fact remains, however. The Sugar Trust has compromised, by the payment, if reports be accurate, of $2,000,000, the civil suit brought against it by the receiver for the Pennsylvania Company. In so doing it apparently has acknowledged that its treatment of its would-be rival has not been devoid, to say the least, of injustice. The indictments just found, moreover, charge that Mr. Segal did not know that he was borrowing the Trust's money. The evidence seems to be contradictory, and final judgment on the case should be withheld until the courts have rendered their decision.

A PATRIOTIC SERVICE

Over a million immigrants enter the United States every year. It would be hard to conceive a more valuable service to the country than to instill into these newcomers of foreign birth and language some primary idea of the nature of their relations to the land they have chosen, to give them instruction in its language, to put in their possession literature in their own languages, to counsel and warn them about their first steps in America, and, when possible, to aid them in getting a foothold industrially. All this it is the aim of the Civic League for Immigrants to accomplish. At present the League has confined its work chiefly to Boston, the second port of the country in the number of immigrants landed. The experiment has been successful, and the methods adopted will be followed in other cities. The work is entirely non-sectarian, and its object has been defined by one of its leaders as being solely to see that the immigrant learns the English language and the duties of citizenship. The spirit and aims of the League are indicated in the printed messages which are distributed in pamphlet form in several languages. One of these is before us, and is admirable in its simplicity and homely directness. At the outset the newcomer is thus advised: "Be true to the associations of the past, and select the best associations for the future." The character of the United States Government, the responsibility placed upon the citizen, the fact that the laws are made by men chosen by the people, the duty of the citizen to think seriously about what is right and wrong, and similar injunctions are put into plain language. Furthermore, such sensible advice is given as that the immigrant should take out at once a certificate of intention to become a citizen; that he should not carry weapons; that he should protect himself from disease by keeping his person, home, and street clean and sweet; that he should not permit his children under fourteen years of age to work in a factory or shop; that he should send all children between seven and fourteen to school. A second message follows in the same pamphlet on the need of learning English and the advantages of an education; a third contains a simple outline history of the United States; a fourth is a familiar talk about Abraham Lincoln. It would be impossible to crowd into a little sixteen-page pamphlet more that is of good cheer and sound encouragement for a stranger who has just entered the gates of America. We notice that among the supporters of this movement are several New York men of National reputation, such as Mr. Jacob A. Riis, Mr. Frank A. Vanderlip, Mr. Robert Watchorn, and Mr. Felix Warburg. It is evident that the idea of thus instilling into men of foreign birth an intelligent view of the respon-

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sibilities of an American citizen is one which deserves the highest praise, and we have little doubt that the work of the Civic League for Immigrants, already considerable in its extent, will be vastly increased as it becomes better known.

BRITISH IMPERIALISM

The interesting speeches in London during the past fortnight at the Imperial Press Conference have all emphasized the idea of British Imperial Federation. The assassination of Colonel Wylie, the military aide of the Secretary of State for India, by an Indian fanatic, in London, last week, must inevitably have some effect on public sentiment regarding Imperial unity. As understood by most of the speakers at the Conference, it would seem that Imperialism can no longer proceed from the United Kingdom as a center, but must proceed from at least four other centers: Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa. Political federation was especially brought out by Lord Charles Beresford in his criticism of the naval estimates recently submitted to Parliament, and was also emphasized by the splendid review at Spithead of a hundred and fifty vessels carrying a matter of two thousand guns and forty thousand men. Nearly fifty war-ships of the most powerful class were seen, including twenty-four battle-ships and sixteen armored cruisers, among them being seven Dreadnoughts and certain cruisers capable of making twenty-eight knots—that is to say, of overhauling the Mauretania or the Lusitania. All these vessels were on a war footing, with full crews and with stores and ammunition for active operations. They are now reinforced by another division of the Home Fleet. The whole performance has been a welcome object-lesson, to over-nervous Englishmen, alarmed for their naval supremacy, of the sufficiency and efficiency of their fleet. But Lord Charles insists that a greater navy must be built to keep open the highways of the seas and maintain colonies, and that the self-supporting colonies should maintain the navy as much as does the home country. It may be remembered that when he was Colonial Secretary, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain made the same statement. But Mr. Chamberlain insisted even more emphatically on commercial federation, which he would induce by establishing preferential trade between the colonies and the mother country. In Colonel Denison's just published and interesting recollections and experiences concerning "The Struggle for Imperial Unity" (Macmillan) we find this recommendation:

> Adopt the policy of a duty on all foreign goods, bind your empire together by bonds of interest, turn your emigration and capital into your own possessions, produce ten or twelve million quarters more of wheat in your own islands, no matter what the cost may be, and then ask us [Canadians] to put in our contributions towards the common defence, for then an effective defence might be made.

The willingness of the colonies to contribute to Imperial defense, therefore, would seem to be conditional upon a tariff on all imports into the Empire and upon preferential tariffs within the Empire. Canada has shown her sentiment in this direction. Not only have imports from the mother country been favored, without any return, but, in Colonel Denison's words, Canada has given preference to the British West Indies, so that nearly every dollar paid for sugar by Canadians has gone to the West Indies. Moreover, penny postage has now been secured, the Pacific cable constructed, and Canadian assistance given to the South African War in the Imperial interest. These facts indicate the prevailing sentiment in favor of Imperial unity. Colonel Denison declares that it has become almost universal in Canada; indeed, "it would be difficult now to find in Canada any Canadians who are in favor of continental union." By this our author may mean political union with the United States. If he means Continentalism, or commercial union, it might not be so difficult to find Canadian advocates. What the British Empire needs, however, before any measures of union for military and naval defense or for systemization of commerce are adopted is an administrative council in which all portions of the Empire shall be represented—a truly Imperial and sovereign Parliament.

THE NEW HANSEATIC LEAGUE

Last week Prince von Bülow, the German Chancellor, asked permission to retire from office. But the Emperor would not consent until the tax

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measures had been voted in Parliament. The appropriations now sought by the Government for the navy are eight times as much as the appropriations of twenty years ago; and, despite the increased wealth in Germany, the different classes of taxpayers are seeking to shift upon one another the burden of maintaining the greatest standing army on earth and the second largest navy. To balance the estimated expense the Government requires $125,000,000 more a year. The Chancellor's proposals as to new taxation to meet this demand were defeated in Parliament. The Bülow scheme provided for raising four-fifths of the necessary sum by indirect taxation and one-fifth by an inheritance tax. Parliament's summary rejection of this plan was so decisive that if the Chancellor had been responsible to the people instead of to the Emperor, he must have resigned at once. However, his resignation is, we believe, the first in German history closely to follow an adverse vote. The vote was chiefly due to the opposition of the Conservatives and Agrarians in their antagonism to the inheritance tax. These classes possess twice or thrice the legislative representation to which their numbers entitle them, and hence enjoy a disproportionate political power. They are mostly Prussians, and since Prussia is still gerrymandered in the interest of the landed proprietors, they use their prominence in the Prussian Diet to gain countenance for their prejudices in the Imperial Parliament. The Prussian nobles have always been distinguished by two regrettable characteristics. Unlike the English nobles, they have never been prominent in defending the lowly against the Crown, and they belong wholly to one political party—the Conservatives. Largely because of these reasons, free political institutions have not been developed in Prussia as in England. The necessity, then, to-day is, if possible, to change the Conservative party into one which shall command support in every walk and rank of life; or, failing this, to elevate the Liberals accordingly. Just at this juncture a new Hanseatic League for Commerce and Industry has been formed. The old League, from the beginning of the fourteenth century, made the free cities—of which Hamburg, Bremen, and Lübeck are now the representatives—both prosperous and powerful. The same spirit of intelligence and enterprise exists to-day. It opposes the autocratic influences of the Conservatives, and will bend its energies to a political redistricting. It is believed to have behind it the sympathy both of the Emperor and of his Chancellor. If this is true, much can be done; for the Emperor is King of Prussia, and the Chancellor is President of the Prussian Council of Ministers.

THE BÜLOW CHANCELLORSHIP

The financial situation in Germany, with the announcement of the Chancellor's impending retirement, calls attention to Prince von Bülow as a political personage. In all German history there has hardly been a more interesting case of rapid rise from comparative obscurity. Thirty-five years ago Prince von Bülow entered the German diplomatic service. He was attaché and secretary at the embassies in Rome, St. Petersburg, Vienna, Athens, and Paris, Minister at Bucharest, and finally Ambassador at Rome. Twelve years ago he came from Rome, without title, to be Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. He will go back to Rome, a Prince, and live there with his Italian wife in a villa recently purchased by him at a cost of half a million dollars. When he succeeded Prince Hohenlohe as Chancellor of the German Empire, the much-discussed Dreyfus case was involving not only France but Germany also. As Foreign Secretary Bülow had denied that Dreyfus had relations with any German agents. The statement was not believed in France, and hence on the eve of the Dreyfus judgment the Chancellor reiterated his denial, both for the preservation of Germany's dignity and in fulfillment of a duty to humanity. This action and his constant courtesy to the French called forth the expression in Germany that "Bülow thinks in French or Italian and then translates it into German." Some years later Bülow's frankness and tact were notably displayed in the Morocco incident, and a serious disturbance, which might have led even to an armed conflict between France and Germany, was averted. But the Chancellor's most try-

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ing experience was due to the Emperor himself. Following a number of dramatic pronouncements, a letter from William II to one of his friends in England concerning Anglo German relations was published in a London paper. This occasioned sharp comment in both countries. The German Parliament took up the matter. It finally compelled the Chancellor to declare himself convinced that the recognition by the Emperor of the "unjustified misunderstanding" of the Imperial utterances with reference to Great Britain, together with the feeling which they had aroused in Germany, would lead his Majesty in future "to exercise the reserve which, in the interest of a uniform policy and the authority of the Crown, is indispensable." "If this does not prove to be so," the Chancellor added, "neither I nor any of my successors would take the responsibility." From that day to this the German Emperor has chivalrously held to the pledge given by his Chancellor. William II's comparative silence has been more eloquent than any of his speeches in showing his worth as a ruler. The Emperor has by no means stopped speaking in public, but his addresses have been much less frequent, and, in cases where he has feared misunderstanding, he has read them, instead of refreshing his auditors with his natural eloquence and forcefulness in apparently extemporaneous speech. The Kaiser's confidence in his Chancellor was shown in the ennobling of the latter, and the bequest of a great fortune has enabled Prince von Bülow to live with the surroundings of a man of his station. When he retires from office Germany will be the loser, for he combines his keen insight with an almost Gallic vivacity and a real influence in all parts of the Empire.

PARALLELS, ANCIENT AND MODERN

The long-debated question of the value of the Latin and Greek classics as culture studies tends to clear toward an issue when recognized as divisible into two questions. Signor Ferrero's recent Lowell lectures on the "Characters and Events of Roman History" (Putnams) are so concerned with one of these questions to the exclusion of the other as to make this division clear, and also the importance of Roman history to modern men, whether read in the original tongue or in its translations. This is quite another matter than the mooted question whether the analytic and synthetic processes practiced in learning to read the original impart a mental discipline superior to what may be otherwise acquired. Except by a few scholars, the Hebrew literature is universally read in translations; why not the Greek and Latin also? Many think that the outlook of remote generations upon human problems and their solution in human experience have the same cultural value in whatever language read. "The chief reason for the eternal fascination of the history of Rome," says Signor Ferrero, "is this, that it includes, as in a miniature drawn with simple lines well defined, all the essential phenomena of social life; so that every age is able to find there its own image, its gravest problems, its intensest passions, its most pressing interests, its keenest struggles. . . . The Europe and America of railroads, industries, monstrous, swift-growing cities, might find present in ancient Rome a part of their own very souls, restless, turbulent, greedy." Two lectures—"'Corruption' in Ancient Rome and its Counterpart in Modern History" and "Roman History in Modern Education"—expand and illustrate what is here concisely stated. The parallels are just which Signor Ferrero here draws, as often in the five volumes of his History, between that age and ours. Decisive for the cultural value of the study of the ancient civilization, they stop short of recognizing the elemental difference found in modern civilization—its Hebrew element contributed by Christianity, whose moral spirit, however long obscured, possesses a recuperative power of undying vitality. Signor Ferrero has the notion of Christianity common among men of culture in Latin countries, as a blend of mysticism, ritual, and dogma. The history of civilizations, ancient and modern, is to him only a struggle of selfish psychical forces, conservative and destructive. We are in that history on the same terms as the Romans. We have ampler resources, and so the abyss is further off, but we are on the road to it. The immortal spirit of a pure Christianity, with the opportunity in mod-

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ern democracy that the older despotisms denied, discredits this pessimistic augury. It still awaits the trial it never yet has fully had, to prove itself the saving power in the State that it has ever proved to be in individual lives.

WHO BUILT THE FORUM

When the Roman Forum is mentioned, of course *the* Roman Forum is meant, not the now partially uncovered forum of Trajan or the still buried fora of other city-builders. The Roman Forum, lying between the Capitoline and Palatine Hills, sums up for the majority the most and best of Roman history. The Forum is connected with the very beginning of that history, as we know it, and is connected with its every vital phase. But it may be that the Forum, as a place used by man, is older than Roman history itself. A number of years ago an ancient cemetery was discovered at a depth of nearly twenty feet below the Forum as it existed in the Roman Empire. The very existence of this necropolis had been forgotten as early as the classical Roman period, and temples upon temples had been built over it. Its most recent graves date not later than the sixth century B.C.; the older ones go back to the ninth. Moreover, round skulls were found therein, reminding of Carthaginian rather than of Latin heads. From this it is easy to deduce that the Forum was old when Romulus was young. Signori Boni and Lanciani have instructed us recently about the Forum. But the work of another archæologist, also resident in Rome, deserves at least equal mention—that of Professor Hülsen, the head of the German Archæological Institute. His "Das Forum Romanum" appeared in 1904. It was accorded so friendly a reception that translations of it into English and Italian appeared the following year to accommodate the large number of non-German-speaking Americans, English, and Italians. The English translation has been well done by Dr. Jesse Benedict Carter, Director of the American School of Classical Studies at Rome. A second edition now appears, modified from the first because of recent discoveries. (G. E. Stechert & Co., New York.) It will awaken interest especially with that class of readers who stand half-way between the mere tourists, satisfied with ordinary guide-book information, and the students in history and archæology. The erudite German professor is abundantly able to speak to the latter class, as his other writings prove. Here, however, he has published a modest book of reference, rigorously excluding detailed discussions, and condensing his description to well-nigh telegraphic brevity.

CARL SCHURZ'S REMINISCENCES

The third and concluding volume of Carl Schurz's "Reminiscences" (McClure's) shows no falling off in the interest and charm which distinguished the first two. In only one respect does it seriously disappoint the reader—it carries the story of its author's career, as told by himself, only to the opening years of Grant's administration, and thus affords no intimate, first-hand account of the part played by Mr. Schurz in his period of greatest political activity. This, however, is ably reviewed in a biographical sketch by Professor Dunning and Mr. Bancroft, written in a lucid, judicial, straightforward vein, with emphasis on Schurz's devotion to high ideals, his incessant warfare against political corruption, his contributions to the cause of Civil Service Reform, his work as chief of the "Liberal Republican" movement of the seventies and the "Mugwump" movement of the eighties; and, finally, his prominence in the "Anti-Imperialist" movement of recent years. In the autobiographical portion of the volume chief interest attaches to the author's recollections of his Civil War experiences, his story of his tour of the South as special commissioner for President Johnson, and his review of the Reconstruction struggle. The opening chapter contains as vivid a picture as we have anywhere seen of the great battle of Gettysburg, while the entire survey of the closing years of the war is noteworthy for its wealth of personal anecdote, throwing fresh light on many of the leading figures in the armies of the North, and illustrating graphically the tragedy and heroism of the long struggle. There is much here that the future historian will welcome, as also in Mr. Schurz's recital of his experiences during the Southern tour of 1865. The conditions he found satisfied him not

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only of the desirability but also of the importance of extending the franchise to the negro, and, as is well known, the report he drew up provided the Congressional leaders with arguments against the Johnson plan of reconstruction. Writing many years afterwards, Mr. Schurz reiterates his conviction that the Congressional programme of reconstruction through negro suffrage was the only possible method of preventing the Southern whites from reducing their former slaves to some form of bondage; and he strenuously combats the view, gaining ground among historical writers, that the idea of punishing the "rebels" was an influential factor in determining the policy of Congress.

FOUR MONTHS OF TARIFF DEBATE

The Tariff Law will be made in the conference between the two Houses of Congress. Until this conference measure shall have been reported and adopted it will be impossible to arrive at a final estimate of the revision accomplished. Meanwhile, however, it is altogether appropriate to inquire what Congress has been doing in the last four months of tariff-making, and to try to learn whether the foundations have been laid for a real revision of the Dingley Act in accordance with the campaign promises of the Republican party. While recognizing the enormous complexities of a general tariff measure and the lack of adequate information available, The Outlook is bound to believe from the evidence at hand that neither House so far has attempted a thoroughgoing revision such as the country was led to expect in the campaign. In the latter part of May a table was prepared in the New York Custom-House, and given out by the Treasury Department in Washington, to show the amount of duty that would be paid on certain necessities of life under the Dingley Law, the Payne Bill, and the Aldrich Bill. On clothing valued at retail at $97, the Dingley Act imposes duties to the amount of $32.12. On this same clothing, according to the table, the duties under the Payne Bill would be $32.26, and under the Aldrich Bill $31.98. A recent amendment to the Aldrich Bill would increase this last amount to $32.05. In other words, the net result of the revision on nearly $100 worth of medium-price clothing would be to increase the tax 14 cents under the Payne Bill, and to decrease it 7 cents under the Aldrich measure. Practically the same results are disclosed on household furnishings valued at $85 included in the same table. The amount of duties under either the Payne or the Aldrich Bill differs by only a few cents from that under the Dingley law.

Obviously, these figures cover only a fraction of the items of a tariff measure, so that it would be unjust to generalize from them alone. But a more careful study of the proposed revision does not materially alter the impression which these figures create. At the request of Senator La Follette, the Bureau of Statistics has published a valuable book comparing the Senate bill, as originally reported from the Committee on Finance, with the Dingley law. This volume is based on the figures furnished by the Finance Committee, and makes a showing much more favorable to the principle of downward revision than the facts would seem to warrant. For many increases in duty have been skillfully concealed in changes in classification. Waiving these increases, however, the summary shows how insincere has been the Senate's attempt to keep the campaign pledges. The imports of 1907, exclusive of those from Cuba and the Philippines, have been taken as a basis. On 75½ per cent of the valuation of imports for that year the duties have been left undisturbed, on 15 per cent they have been increased, on 9½ per cent they have been decreased. That is, on more than 90 per cent of the imports the duties have been left unchanged or raised. On less than 10 per cent they have been reduced. In actual operation the showing would be even worse. For instance, the book of comparisons takes no account of the additional duty of one cent a square yard on mercerized fabrics, which constitute a large proportion of the cotton importations. It makes no allowance for the heavy increases concealed in the cotton schedules which were exposed by Senator La Follette and Senator Dolliver. Further, it ignores the proposed new basis of valu-

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ation which Senator Aldrich estimates will add $5,000,000 a year to the customs receipts, and so will be equivalent to a horizontal increase of nearly 1½ per cent on all schedules. Against this showing the statement of the Finance Committee that it has made 400 decreases in schedules to only 40 increases is of small value. The decreases generally affect minor imports. The increases are on important items. Thus, in the linen schedule there are 172 reductions and only one increase. But the reductions are chiefly on numerous varieties of threads and twine, on which the imports range from $2 to $500 a year. Altogether they affect imports valued slightly in excess of $600,000. The single increase is on woven fabrics, of which $5,000,000 worth were imported in 1907. The average decrease was 16 per cent. The single increase was 27 per cent. Here is real revision upward, where a person glancing at the figures would naturally infer that there had been revision downward.

Unfortunately, no similar compilation has been made for the duties in the House bill. It contains a few spectacular reductions. Iron ore, hides, and bituminous coal are on the free list in the House bill, while in the Senate bill there is a duty of 25 cents a ton on iron ore, 15 per cent on hides, and 60 cents a ton on coal. The House duties on leather goods, lumber, and lead products are materially lower than those of the Senate. On cotton goods the House retains the Dingley rates as applied by the courts. The Senate, under the pretext of restoring the original Dingley rates, has materially increased them above the rates now collected. On certain articles in the glass and steel schedules, and on gloves and hosiery, the Senate rates are lower than those imposed by the House, and the Senate has amplified the House provision for free works of art. Cocoa, dutiable under the House bill, has been transferred by the Senate to the free list. While no accurate compilation is available, an expert's opinion is that with over ninety per cent of the imports the House bill either leaves the duties untouched or raises them. And this review of the bills ignores the possibility of material increases should the maximum provisions go into effect against one or more of the larger nations of Europe. Should France or Germany be penalized, the result would be a material increase over the duties of the existing law.

What, now, would be the effect of saving the reductions of both bills in the final law? Broadly speaking, the important articles of daily use in the household—sugar, cotton, woolen, and linen goods, of which $300,000,000 worth are imported yearly—would not be affected. The light-brown sugars, once so widely used, but which, through a "joker," had been excluded, would still be barred. Clothing would not be reduced in price, though there might be an improvement in the quality of shoes as a result of free hides. Possibly there might be a slight reduction in the price of certain oil products as a result of free petroleum, though the Standard Oil Company is powerful abroad as well as at home. As a result of reductions on lumber there might be a slight effect on the price. The cuts in steel would prove of benefit to manufacturers. It is on this schedule—next to lumber—that the most thoroughgoing revision has been made. Whether the reductions are sufficient to permit foreign competition only steel manufacturers know.

There remains to be considered the revenue feature of the proposed bill. With an inheritance tax producing $20,000,000, Chairman Payne, of the Ways and Means Committee, estimated a deficit of $10,000,000 for 1910 under his original bill. Under the bill as it left the House, with the revenue from tea missing, this deficit would have been practically doubled. Chairman Aldrich, of the Committee on Finance, admitted a large deficit for 1910 under the new bill, but believed that by 1911, by cutting appropriations, the Government would make both ends meet. To provide against this deficit, President Taft urged the imposition of a two per cent excise tax on the net earnings of corporations, and the measure has now been incorporated into the Senate bill.

What the Republican party promised in its platform was "the imposition of such duties as will equal the difference between the cost of production at home and abroad, together with a reasonable profit for American industries." This

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promise has apparently been ignored in many cases, for the very simple reason that it was impossible under the conditions to accumulate the necessary data. But the Republican campaign was not made on the platform as framed, but on the platform as interpreted by the Presidential candidate. This interpretation was "a substantial revision downward." "The Dingley tariff," Mr. Taft said at Cincinnati, September 22, "has served the country well, but its rates have become generally excessive." The President has steadily refused, however, to interfere while Congress was at work on the schedules. He has assumed that his views were known and that it was unnecessary to emphasize them. Now the President's influence is limited to the narrow field of the conference. As a result of that influence it is possible that a better measure than either the Payne or the Aldrich Bill may be agreed upon.

Such a law might include cuts of perhaps 30 per cent on steel imports valued at $30,000,000; of 50 per cent on $20,000 000 of lumber; of 30 per cent on $12,000,000 of sundries; with free coal, free iron ore, free hides, and free petroleum. It might carry the Dingley rates on the vast mass of imports, and include increases on a considerable percentage of goods—so large a percentage that the average rate of duty might be in excess of the Dingley rate. A measure of this sort would not be real revision; would it, then, be politically defensible?

THE CONTROL OF CORPORATIONS

Why should corporations be taxed? Why should corporations be subjected to regulation? In other words, why, in levying an excise tax and imposing governmental control, should there be discrimination in favor of those concerns which hold to the old joint-partnership form and against those concerns which have assumed the corporate form of stock ownership?

This question is based on the assumption that the tax on the net income of corporations, with the consequent inspection and regulation, would be a burden. We believe it would be an advantage; but we let the assumption pass. Suppose it prove to be a burden, why should it fall on corporations?

In his Message recommending the tax, the President anticipated that question and answered it. As he described it, "This is an excise tax upon the privilege of doing business as an artificial entity and of freedom from a general partnership liability enjoyed by those who own the stock."

It is, however, at this very point that the principal objection to the Federal tax on the net income of corporations is directed. This objection is based on the fact that it is not the Federal Government, but the State, which creates the corporation. If a corporation income tax, it is argued, were imposed by the State, which creates the corporation, there would be no injustice in it; but it is unjust because it is to be levied, and the consequent inspection and control are secured, by a governmental authority that did not grant the privilege of limited liability. If this objection is not met, the tax cannot be defended. If the tax is an unjust tax, and if the regulation is an unjust regulation, both should be abandoned.

This objection requires those who believe in the tax—on whom the burden of proof rests—to show, first, that such a tax levied by the Federal Government will work no practical injustice; and, second, that it rests on a reasonable and defensible governmental principle.

First, then, let us see whether it works any real injustice. By the very terms of the objection it is admitted that there would be no injustice in a tax of, say, two per cent levied by a State on the net income of its own creature-corporations. If that is true of any one State, it is certainly true of every one of the forty-six States in the Union. This means that there would be no injustice to the corporations if all the corporations of the country were required to pay a two per cent tax on their net incomes. But, so far as the corporations are concerned in their relation to one another and in their relation to other concerns, it is a matter of indifference whether the money they pay in taxes goes into forty-six treasuries or into a single treasury. It is clear, therefore, that the levying of a corporation excise tax by the

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Federal Government would work no practical injustice.

There remains, then, the question whether such a tax, involving regulation by the Federal Government, rests upon a defensible and reasonable governmental principle. It certainly does not rest upon the theory that the power which creates should tax and regulate, for it is the State which creates, while it is the Federal Government that proposes to tax and to regulate. It rests rather on the principle that the power which regulates should be the power adequate for the task.

It has long been clear that for that task the States have been, and must necessarily be, inadequate. The corporation problem is a Federal problem, and only the Federal Government is strong enough to deal with it. In fact, our whole industrial problem, our problems of concentrated wealth, of labor and capital, of the social effects of industry, are various phases of the problem presented by the modern form which industry has assumed—the incorporated company. Every corporation conducted for profit—whether it does an inter-State or an intra-State business—is a part of that problem by virtue of its organic form; and therefore, whether it is a monopoly or only a small concern, contributes its share to the vast question with which our Government must deal. The joint partnership, no matter how big, does not contribute in any such sense to the characteristic industrial problem of this age. It is therefore with the corporation as a corporation—not as a concern created by itself, not as a concern doing inter-State business, but as a concern contributing to a National problem—that the Federal Government has a right to deal in levying such a tax and enforcing such regulation.

Now, since the Federal Government has both the right and duty to regulate corporations, and as there is at hand this measure by which such regulation can in a degree be secured by the imposition of a tax which will work no practical injustice, the common-sense procedure is not to wait for something else, but to lay the tax and take the first step toward Federal regulation.

It is especially opportune since, in the first place, corporations themselves have recently had experience with States that have tried to substitute the violence they could wield in place of the efficient power which they could not command, and those corporations have become wearied of such baiting; and since, in the second place, the very men in Congress who heretofore have been apologists for irresponsible corporate power have been forced, by a skillful maneuver of the President, to support the measure.

The corporate form of commercial organization is, like machinery, a great economizer of energy. It is a human tool capable of democratic development. It should not be hampered, repressed, destroyed; it should be regulated, controlled, governed. The Federal corporation excise tax is the first step toward placing corporate industry in America under the only power that is big enough to control and regulate it—the United States Government.

A NEEDED EVANGELISM

We know of no better definition of education than this of Professor Huxley: "Education is the instruction of the intellect in the laws of Nature, under which name I include not merely things and their forces, but men and their ways; and the fashioning of the affections and of the will into an earnest and loving desire to move in harmony with those laws." The first—the instruction of the intellect—is the chief function of the schools; the second—the fashioning of the affections—is, or should be, the chief function of the Church. And the reader will observe, this is not merely the excitement of the affections to find expression in prayer and praise and so-called spiritual converse, but the fashioning of the affections into a spirit of obedience, and that this spirit of obedience is not merely a submission to law as required by authority, but a loving and earnest desire to move in harmony with the law. We may add that a loving obedience to law is hardly conceivable except as one conceives of a Lawgiver who is worthy to be loved.

It is this second branch of education which most needs our attention in America. Of instruction of the intellect in the laws of Nature and of human nature there is

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little lack. Our scientific and our sociological education is well advanced. No doubt there is room for improvement and there are many able intellectual leaders who are laboring to improve our schools—adding new courses, inventing new methods, and inspiring in teacher and in pupil a new spirit. Popular ignorance is still a handicap on American enterprise. But it is not our greatest handicap. A passionate desire for the instruction of the intellect is a characteristic of our American life. Our schools are overcrowded, and it is with difficulty that we keep pace in our school-rooms and our teaching with the constantly growing demand. Our colleges are not able to accommodate all who come crowding to their doors, and every year thousands of eager students are turned away for lack of room or teaching force. But no such phenomenon is apparent in our churches. No such clamorous crowd throngs at their doors. No such eager desire to have the affections fashioned to move in harmony with the laws of life is apparent. We are proud of our smartness, but not of our obedience; and, truth to tell, we have not much obedience to be proud of.

One of Abraham Lincoln's first public addresses was delivered before the Young Men's Lyceum of Springfield, Illinois. In this address, delivered in 1837, he warned his audience of the dangers which threatened the Republic. "If it ever reach us, it must spring up among us; it cannot come from abroad. If destruction be our lot, we must ourselves be its author and finisher. As a nation of freemen we must live through all time or die by suicide." And if this self-destruction comes, he foresaw that it would come from "this increasing disregard for law which pervades the country—the growing disposition to substitute the wild and furious passions in lieu of the sober judgments of the courts, and the worse than savage mobs for the executive ministers of justice." Possibly mob law may be less frequent than it was in 1837, though that is by no means certain; certainly it is not less savage. And other and not less dangerous forms of lawlessness have increased. These acts of lawlessness are not confined to the so-called lower classes. Some of the worst offenders have been great corporations acting under the leadership of men of wealth and high position, and under the counsel of astute lawyers, advising them how they can evade the law, if not directly violate it with impunity. So little sanctity has human law in America that it is the commonplace of popular speech that it is useless to enact certain laws because they cannot be enforced; that is, obedience will not be willingly rendered and cannot be compelled. And as to divine law, the cynical remark of an American politician that the Golden Rule and the Ten Commandments are an "iridescent dream" is equally significant of public sentiment whether he uttered it as his own opinion or only as his judgment of the opinion of his constituency. The American people have the defects of their qualities. The defect that grows out of liberty is lawlessness; the defect of self-government is self-will.

To inspire a loving and earnest desire to move in harmony with law is the specific function of the Church.

It is so because there is no other organization which gives itself to this service. Not the press—so long as some of our most popular and influential newspapers treat as a dead letter the law "Thou shalt not bear false witness," and justify their appeals to popular prejudice and passion on the ground that popular prejudice and passion like to be appealed to and furnish a good market. Not the schools; for in some of our States the teachers are prohibited from any attempt to promote law-abiding life by any appeal to either the fear or the love of God, and because in all communities the teacher must devote her first attention to instruction of the intellect, not to fashioning the affections—that is, to scholarship, not to character. Not the family; for though in many families the habits of obedience to authority are inculcated, in many they are not, and parents no less than children need the fashioning of the affections into habits of obedience.

And this is the function of the Church, because this is the function of religion.

There are three conceptions of the nature and authority of law. The first is that of the older writers on law, as they are embodied in the definitions of John Austin, that a law is an order issued by

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a superior to an inferior, the authority of which is derived from the fact that the superior can inflict injury on the inferior if the latter disobeys. This is the theory of despotism; the theory that might makes right; the theory of the lawless corporation when it disregards a law because its officers believe that there is no power able to call it to account. The second theory is that implied in the saying of the Declaration of Independence, that government rests on the consent of the governed. This is the principle of anarchy; it recognizes no authority of law; and it is the theory of the mob which acts on the belief that the self-will of the majority is the superior and final will. The third theory is that expressed in the saying of Hooker, that the seat of law is the bosom of Almighty God. This is the theory that there is a just and loving Lawgiver to whom we can yield an earnest and loving obedience; or at least that there are certain laws of life which are essentially and eternally just and right; that the Golden Rule and the Ten Commandments are admirable epitomes of these laws of life; that whatever law conforms to these eternal laws is a just law. This is the theory of religion. This should be the message of the religious teacher.

Nor has the religious teacher any function more important than to learn what are these eternal laws of right and justice, and to inspire all those that come under his influence with an earnest and loving desire to move in harmony with these laws. This is much more important than Biblical criticism. It is much more important that he should know how to apply the Ten Commandments to the social conditions of America in the twentieth century than that he should be able to read them in the original Hebrew, or know whether they were given in the twelfth century or the sixth century before Christ. It is more important than sound theology, though a sound theology will help him to present divine law with clearness and force. It is more important than any ethical rules, though it will enable him to give to ethical rules a power which as mere rules of conduct prescribed by custom they must always lack. It is more important than the orderly conduct of public worship in an æsthetic manner; at least it will seem so to him if he believes the words of the Master—"Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven."

That men can know what are the laws of life, and can have power to yield to them a loving and an earnest obedience, is the evangel America pre-eminently needs from her churches.

THE SPECTATOR

Some twenty thousand minds, in Cambridge and Boston, two weeks ago, hung breathless on the chances of the weather. Would it or would it not rain for the performance of "Joan of Arc" in the Stadium? It was remembered that at the Compiègne pageant in May, near Paris, a tremendous thunder-storm had drenched the Maid, the King, Agnes Sorel, and all, and sent both armies scurrying to shelter like drowned rats. Against settled rain the authorities had provided, for in such a case the performance was postponed until the next evening. But a thunder-storm, especially in a hot spell, laughs at all foresight; and a thunder-storm when the Stadium was packed with twenty thousand spectators and two thousand performers would have been little short of a catastrophe. The committee in charge had already attempted the impossible in many directions. They had raised a hill, grown a mighty Druid oak, and erected a cathedral in the Stadium; but when it came to roofing it in, they refused to try. Hence an agitated uncertainty among the fair sex as to what to wear. The performance, of course, was the event of the season—academic, social, and dramatic; nay, it might be called international, since it was for the Germanic Museum of Harvard University, the Kaiser's idea and gift, while France had sent a fine replica of the original banner of the Maid and the golden medals struck in her honor, and President Lowell had himself presented them to Maude Adams. One's best gown was certainly appropriate; yet those brave Boston fair who had sat four hours on the Stadium seats under umbrellas, in a drizzle of rain, watching the last Greek play had a lively memory of what their clothes looked like after the watery ordeal.

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Therefore as one day of heat succeeded another, and the weather prophets shook their heads, the holders of the precious tickets grew more and more anxious.

As for the people who had carelessly neglected to buy tickets early, they put down their names on a waiting list that grew ever and ever longer. As the hot, cloudless June day drew on to a calm and cloudless close, the offers for tickets went to a premium, but in vain. There was a rumor that admission tickets—standing-room only—would be allowed, and a great rush for them set in. But the rumor proved baseless. Like the small boys around the baseball fence, well-dressed men with full pocketbooks stood around the entrances, hoping against hope; while every street for miles around was filled with automobiles speeding toward the Stadium, and dozens of the unsurpassable Boston policemen were shepherding the crowds with their unfailing politeness and accurate information. There were more automobiles gathered together there before the performance began than at any time anywhere, except at the last mammoth automobile show—so one policeman said. And the sidewalks echoed to the tread of a larger army than Joan of Arc probably ever commanded; for besides the thousands who entered the gates, there were thousands more to watch them come.

The public curiosity was amply justified. "Joan of Arc" was about as unusual a performance as could well be imagined. In the first place, no such great spectacular drama has ever been given under the Stadium conditions. Tableaux and scenes are one thing; connected dramatic action is quite another. In the second place, sensational difficulties stood in the way of almost every scene. How, in a roofless place, with no flies, no drop-scenes, no illusion, was stage-craft to work its miracles? In the third place, the lighting was in itself a master problem. To light adequately an open-air space on which two thousand persons should come and go, all in full illumination, meant a new development in the art. And then there was the costuming, with its archæological detail. The Spectator was a guest in a family one of whose sons, a Harvard graduate, was among the riders in the pageant and the battle, and his descriptions of the agonizing difficulties of the rehearsals were wonderfully interesting. The earliest idea—a truly Napoleonic one—was to have the scenery reversible. The cathedral front, with its three recessed arches, was to turn on casters and resolve itself into three tall groups of interlacing trees—the woods of Domremy. A "practicable" well, with real water, was to be set in the foreground, for use in various scenes. But, alas! the too, too solid cathedral would not melt and resolve itself into a forest at all; so that had to be given up. And as for the well, the first mad rush of the battle, at rehearsal, sent three men into it, and it had to be filled up to prevent further disaster.

The scene, therefore, as the vast audience finally surveyed it was set with three immovable and irreversible properties—a high and descending hill, the front of the Cathedral of Rheims, with three huge fleur-de-lis banners pendent on it, and the giant oak of Domremy. That oak alone was worth the price of admission. Whether it was made by the same man who makes the celebrated glass flowers—as some suggested—or not, it was worthy of Harvard University. It towered up, colossal and ancient enough to satisfy any Druid, and its green cloth leaves fluttered on its brown cloth branches in the most lifelike way imaginable. It was said to have cost a thousand dollars, and it showed for all it was worth, especially when the childlike figure of Maude Adams, as the Maid, stood out against the background of its rough bark, under the hanging shrine of the Madonna, in the fading light of the evening, while the orchestra, far back behind the great sky-curtain that stopped the view, played Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony, and the young moon hung in the sky over it all.

The "Eroica" was indeed, as it was meant to be, the keynote of the whole. It was truly extraordinary how, though the scenic and dramatic difficulty of presenting Schiller's great play in an open-

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air amphitheater could not be fully surmounted, and the drama became inevitably a pageant with acted interludes, yet its unity was preserved by the central figure of the Maid. She held it all together, from the first rustic scene beneath the oak, where she turned away from her faithful shepherd swain to put on the mystic helmet, to the moment when, wounded and dying, she lay surrounded by the victorious French. Schiller did not pretend to follow history, and all thought of the real end of Joan of Arc had to be thrown overboard, once for all. But in his drama there was still abundant room for the brave, simple, devoted shepherd girl whose childlike form emerges more and more clearly into history with each new delving into archive and chronicle. On her white charger, in her silver armor, the Maid was indeed the inspiration of armies as she came rushing down the hill, with her mail-clad followers shouting her battle-cry at full gallop; and in the scenes where, alone in the ghostly moonlight with the apparition of the Black Knight, she refuses to desert her mission, or where the weak, ungrateful Dauphin casts her off as a witch, after his splendid coronation through her aid, she conveyed the full appeal of historic pathos.

The Spectator was lucky enough to hear every word, his seat being near the middle of the front. On the sides there was more pageant to it than drama, necessarily; but then the pageant was remarkable enough in itself to satisfy the audience. The dressing-rooms, before the play, were said to resemble the Holy Grail decorations of the Boston Library taken to pieces and stacked in piles. And from under the Stadium arches company after company of mediæval French men-at-arms, villagers, citizens, etc., came forth costumed to the life, under the skillful aid of a famous American artist, quite as enthusiastic an archæologist as Abbey. Much of the armor came from private museums. Being of the tin-plate order, it was heated and unmanageable in a sad degree at times. One lordly potentate in the battle scenes had an unspeakable time of it on a lively horse, and whirled out with the clash of a runaway tin-cart. And nearly all the helmets were uncomfortable fits, Joan of Arc keeping hers off as much as possible. The dozens of battle-ship searchlights which illuminated the scene were magnificently managed, but had to be kept off the white charger of the Maid, as he decidedly objected to such annoying publicity. The spot-light, indeed, was conspicuous by its absence, quite contrary to what the Spectator had expected.

The thunder-storm came—came with a rush, just after the great procession, with its thousands of bannered troops, white-robed priests, courtiers, maidens, cardinals, and royalty, had marched in solemn rank on rank up the cathedral steps for what seemed half an hour at least anddisappeared through the deep portal in most impressive style. Then, as Joan's father (in defiance of all history) denounced her, as she appeared in triumph, as a witch, the lightning flashed, the thunder fell, and a crashing storm broke. Yet no one was in the least incommoded, for it was all done by machine, behind the sky-curtain—a whirling barrel of bullets for the rain, a forge-blower for the wind, a series of "broken contacts" for the lightning, and for the thunder—well, from the very top of the Stadium seats to the ground ran a wooden chute, in sections, with drops between, and down this cannon-balls were rolled by the supers who played Jove. With crash upon crash, the cannon-balls came down the drops, and the whole result was enough to make any weather man look to his laurels.

Last of all, when the rushing battle scene had roared and galloped and swayed, with every Harvard man in it enjoying himself to the full, and the wounded Maid had died in the arms of her soldiers, the flag was brought, the body wrapped in its folds, and then she was borne shoulder-high in solemn procession out across the trampled grass, the army following silent, while the last splendid strains of the "Ero ca" rose and fell above it all. It was a transcendent moment, and the Spectator is glad to have it to remember, as the climax of a great drama and a great pageant.

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The Story of Lake Champlain[1]

By Hamilton Wright Mabie

THE DISCOVERY

ON the 28th day of June, 1609, Champlain, with a party of eleven Frenchmen, armed with the arquebuse, accompanied by three hundred and more Indians, set sail from Quebec in a fleet of canoes; crossed Lake St. Peter; reached the mouth of the river which has borne many names but has finally become the Richelieu; after a short stay, enlivened by fishing and hunting and by the customary secession of three-fourths of his Indian allies, which reduced the party to three Frenchmen and sixty Algonquin braves, made his way up the quiet stream in a world of virgin foliage; left his canoes where the roar of the rapids broke the silence of the woods and the foam of tumultuous waters became visible through the trees, and plunged into the wilderness. These daring Frenchmen were of the stuff of which heroes are made, in a century which bred men of heroic temper; they were intrepid, ardent, and gallant, after the manner of their race. A history of splendid audacity on the uncharted Sea of Darkness, as they called the Atlantic, lay behind them; a romantic and tragic history of laborious adventure, uncalculating heroism, and perils without number lay before them. Behind them were the cliffs of Quebec, on which the most picturesque city of the continent was to rise, the mountain on whose slope Montreal was to build itself with the solidity of the Old and the brightness of the New World, and the slope on which Toronto was to gather itself around its beautiful park, its Parliament House, and its University; the St. Lawrence, majestic among rivers for its volume, its scenery, its magnificent tumult of birth at Niagara, and its impressive sweep, through a gulf which is like a sea, into the Atlantic; behind them, too, was half a continent which was to be contended for by two races and to become the home of both, united in the building of a great and powerful empire, English in name and loyalty, in energy and power of administration, French in tradition, in ancient courtesy of hospitality and the love of life.

Of this brilliant and stirring future, so impressive to us to-day, Champlain had no vision as he re-embarked and was swept along through forests teeming with game, past meadows sweet with the odors of the young summer, until the river widened into the lake that was to bear his name to the remotest future. Isle à la Motte, beautiful in its green expanse and its lovely outlooks, Grande Isle and Long Island, lay in his path as he entered the tranquil waters of Champlain. It was a landscape of quiet but varied and striking beauty into which this brave French gentleman came about July 4, 1609. Before him the Lake stretched to the south and lured the imagination on its own voyage of discovery beyond the farther dip of the sky; on his right the Adirondack wilderness was spread out league on league, hill rising behind hill to the noble mass and altitude of Marcy and Whiteface; to the left the forests climbed to the summit of Mansfield; the shores were indented by almost numberless inlets and bays, and the primeval forests came down to the water's edge in a long sweep of unbroken foliage. As the little flotilla moved southward under the quiet stars, silent as the night itself, they passed Split Rock, with the mysterious serpent coiled on its face—a place sacred in the unwritten annals of the aborigines, and a symbol of the savage life to which the coming of Champlain was the unsuspected approach of doom. To the west the solitude of the woods which have since become a priceless Forest of Arden for rest, sport, and health was unbroken save by the softly falling tread of moccasined hunters; to the south, through the beautiful Mohawk Valley, stretched the lodges of the Five Nations, the implacable, tireless, war-loving Iroquois, the most daring and skillful of Indian fighters, who had been driven from the Champlain Valley a cen-

[1] An address delivered at Fort Ticonderoga on July 6, commemorating the discovery of Lake Champlain three hundred years ago.

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tury and a half earlier by their ancestral enemies, the Algonquins.

If the gallant French gentleman, high-minded and generous of spirit, whom the paddles of Algonquin warriors were bearing swiftly southward could have heard the terrible cries that were to haunt those woods in the near future and for many a later year, and seen as in a vision the horror of torture and the bitterness of death that were to be enacted again and again in places which nature had made for temples and homes, he might have turned backward and left the valley to its vast solitude and silence. But in the drama of human life, never without its monitions of tragedy, and yet moving through storm and blood to a widening peace and higher ordering of society, it was ordained that Champlain should be the harbinger of war and desolation in the very hour in which he was to grasp the crown of the discoverer.

A GREAT FIGURE APPEARS

On the evening of the 29th of July, three hundred years ago, as they approached the point of land on which Ticonderoga stands, the Algonquins descried the canoes of their enemies putting out from the shore, and in a moment the night was a tumult of war cries. The Iroquois, who had no genius for naval strategy, put ashore and hastily barricaded themselves in the woods. In the dusk of the summer twilight that first scene in the authentic history of Lake Champlain silhouettes itself in dusky lines: the Iroquois furiously felling trees and piling the trunks in a rude order; the Algonquins dancing in their rocking boats lashed together near the shore and filling the air with shouts of defiance and derision. It was a dramatic moment when morning broke, for no European had ever been seen in the wilderness, and the dawn was the rising of the curtain on a drama in which four races were to appear; a war that was to involve half the world was to be fought, and the destiny of a continent decided.

The Algonquins landed as soon as it was light; the Iroquois, erect as the pines about them, vigorous, daring, and vindictive, left the shelter of their barricades and moved through the woods with the steadiness of veteran troops, the plumes of their chiefs leading the onset. Then, with dramatic quickness, the ranks of the Algonquins opened and Champlain, partly in armor, advanced and stood between them; a strange and ominous figure in the eyes of his enemies if they had known it, the foe alike of Iroquois and Algonquins; the impersonation of that aggressive force of civilization which sweeps the lesser race irresistibly before it as it moves with the momentum of a glacier.

Standing on the edge of the forest, steel on his breast and thighs, a plumed casque on his head, a sword at his side, an arquebuse in his hand, on that July morning eleven years before the landing at Plymouth, two months before Henry Hudson discovered the Hudson, Champlain holds the center of the stage, the earliest of the men of striking personality who were to appear in this beautiful valley; second to none of them in nobility of purpose and greatness of soul; dividing with La Salle the pre-eminence of fame among Frenchmen in America. He incarnated in that moment the genius of France, its immense service to America, the story of discovery, exploration, adventure, heroism, and sacrifice which it was to contribute to the finding and making of the New World. To-day we celebrate their dauntless courage, their restless energy, their enthusiasm, which no danger could check and no toil exhaust.

As England sent her great sailors and adventurers from Devonshire, whose rocky coasts in the mists of sunset are beautiful as the gates of fairyland, France sent her sailors and explorers from the harbors of Normandy and Brittany, where men of heroic mold gained tempered strength on the high seas. They were a gallant company, those daring Frenchmen who sailed up the St. Lawrence, crossed the wilderness and the prairie, spread the first sail on the inland lakes, and floated down the Mississippi to the Gulf, penetrating to the heart of the continent, and leaving behind them in all the localities where they or their successors stayed—at Detroit, at St. Louis, at New Orleans—a tradition of courtesy and a touch of distinction which have persisted through the centuries. The hardy men of Dieppe and Honfleur who were fishing

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off the coasts of Newfoundland four centuries ago; Jacques Cartier, sailing out of the harbor where St. Malo still prospers behind her walls and Millet's statue of Chateaubriand looks seaward; Jean Nicollet, Joliet, Marquette, Frontenac, Hennepin, Tonty, Bienville, La Salle (one of the greatest names in our early history); the Jesuit Fathers who kept company with hardship and death so many decades —how these great figures stand out in the morning light of the New World!

On that historic morning when he stood between the two bands of Indian warriors Champlain was forty-two years old. Born not far from Rochelle, in a country which, like Devon, Normandy, and Brittany, was a nursery of sailors, Champlain knew the sea from his youth and loved it. A gentleman by birth and training, he was brave and hardy; of great strength, calm in danger, resourceful and swift in action; strict in discipline, but always just and kind; a Frenchman in his blitheness of spirit and a certain inextinguishable gayety which hardship could not dim, he was a man to be loved and honored. No more chivalrous and gallant figure appears in the New World story. He belongs with the Founders and Builders, and rightly bears the proud title, the "Father of New France." Parkman places his name first among the pioneers of our forests. "It was he who struck the deepest and boldest strokes into the heart of their pristine barbarism. . . . The *preux chevalier*, the crusader, the romance-loving explorer, the curious knowledge-seeking traveler, the practical navigator, all found their share in him. . . . His books mark the man—all for his theme and purpose, nothing for himself. Crude in style, full of the superficial errors of carelessness and haste, rarely diffuse, often brief to a fault, they bear on every page the palpable impress of truth." His heart was in the New World. In Paris, he tells us, he walked the streets in a dream, recalling the mystery of the deep woods, hearing above the tumult of the ancient city the music of trees swaying in the wind, seeing with that inward eye which is alike the bliss of solitude and of the squares where mighty streams of men converge, the long aisles of the unexplored forest; full, too, of a mighty compassion for the Indians, and holding the saving of a soul better worth while than the founding of an empire.

Such was the man who faced the Iroquois, looking at him with startled surprise, as at a visitor from another planet, on that fateful July morning. In his quaint but graphic style he has described his part in the fight. "I looked at them and they looked at me. When I saw them getting ready to shoot their arrows at us, I leveled my arquebuse, which I had loaded with four balls, and aimed straight on one of the three chiefs. The shot brought down two and wounded another. On this, our Indians set up such a yelling that one could not have heard a thunder-clap, and all the while the arrows flew thick on both sides. The Iroquois were greatly astonished and frightened to see two of their men killed so quickly, in spite of the arrow-proof armor. As I was reloading, one of my companions fired a shot from the woods, which so increased their astonishment that, seeing their chiefs dead, they abandoned the field and fled into the depths of the forest." Then followed the customary orgies of torture and death, from which Champlain turned with loathing and horror, begging his allies to put their victims out of misery by shooting them; and so falls the curtain on the first act of the drama of races and nations in the Champlain Valley. Henceforth the Iroquois were the implacable enemies of the French.

SEEDS OF CONFLICT

The French had inadvertently, perhaps inevitably, taken sides in a struggle in which there were from time to time intervals of inaction, but no cessation of hostilities. Between the Algonquins and the Iroquois there was a feud antedating historic times, born in the geographical conditions in which the two great groups found themselves, and in their temperament and history. War was the normal occupation, the pastime, the absorbing interest of both groups. In their rudimentary political and social conditions it was the one field on which genius, daring, force, could find free play; it was an open pathway to fame and power. The English colonists at the south and east lived with arms in their hands and in the face of constant peril, but they were mainly home-makers,

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with small thought of wide conquests; concerned chiefly with getting roofs over their heads and seed in the ground. They were fighting here and there as they set their stakes farther and farther into the wilderness; but their advance was slow and they were but a thin line of pioneers building larger than they knew. The French, on the other hand, had great ambitions from the beginning. They were not primarily settlers, home-makers, farmers; they were ardent explorers, bent on bringing a new empire under French rule, soldiers eager to establish French authority in the farthest confines of the wilderness; devoted priests whose joy it was to plant the cross in savage places and to sing the Mass in savage ears, tireless apostles of a Church whose annals they enriched with almost numberless martyrdoms. The English crept slowly forward as they needed land for their immediate purposes; the French swept, few in numbers but dauntless in courage, to the very heart of the continent, inspired by great dreams of empire, of the glory of France, of the spread of the faith. Inevitably, therefore, they met fierce opposition over a thousand miles of territory from an enemy who saw in them a foe to be faced and fought to the death. In that long and disorderly warfare Lake Champlain appears and reappears as the record touches now one point and now another, now a column moving with shining arms through the woods, now a flotilla sweeping across the Lake, now a skirmish desperately fought; always bands of braves stealing through the trees, alert, implacable, tireless.

War between the rival colonists, divided by race, by faith, by temperament, was chronic, as was war between the French and the Iroquois; subsiding for a few years, and then breaking out afresh in some local incident or inspired by the incessant bickerings of the two nations at home. In the dead of winter in 1690 a small army of French and Indians might have been seen moving silently on the ice; two weeks later the blazing settlement at Schenectady, like a great torch, revealed their destination. In one of these minor struggles, in the intervals between the greater and more significant combats, a figure of heroic mold appears in the person of Captain John Schuyler, of Albany; a man of intrepid energy and intimate familiarity with border warfare, the bearer of a name of the highest distinction in the history of New York, and the forerunner of one of the purest-minded and noblest-hearted leaders of Revolutionary struggle. Within sound of the guns of Montreal, this daring soldier avenged the destruction of Schenectady. A year later another Schuyler, Philip, passed over the same route which his brother had taken, fought a desperate battle with a large force sent out from Montreal, and brought his men off in safety after assaulting and capturing Fort La Prairie. In 1709 a considerable force of colonists from New York and New England, with five hundred warriors from the lodges of the Five Nations, passed over a road built by the State from Albany to the Lake, but returned without meeting the French; the expedition against Quebec, which was part of the general plan to seize Canada, proving equally futile. The importance of the Lake as a highway north and south was now clearly seen, and both English and French recognized its strategical importance; but the French, organized on a military basis, acted first. In 1731 they built a fort at Crown Point, which was called St. Frédéric, the English meantime claiming the title to the territory on both sides the Lake. The Governor-General of Canada began to issue grants of great sections of land, Isle à la Motte being included in the first of these gifts to French officials and soldiers. Few of these tracts were settled within the time fixed by the grants, and the territory largely reverted to the Crown; the modern love of scenery was still in embryo, and the social Frenchmen shrank from the isolation of life in the wilderness. New York was sluggish of action in those days of loose organization; it had the keys of Canada in its hands, but allowed the French to intrench themselves on the Lake and make ready for the decisive struggle for the control of the continent that was fast approaching. For two decades Crown Point was a menacing stronghold and the base of many irritating forays.

A FRONTIER BARON

The final conflict was preceded by desultory and ineffective attempts by the

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colonists to break or destroy the French power in Canada. In 1755 a number of colonial governors met at Alexandria and planned a campaign against Canada, involving expeditions against Crown Point, the fort at Niagara, and Fort Duquesne. The leadership of the expedition against Crown Point was assigned to Sir William Johnson, and was to be made up of colonists and Indians. The Indians held back at first; they found the colonists too little occupied with war. "Look at the French," they said; "they are men, they are fortifying everywhere." In the end they joined forces with the colonists, and in July General Lyman arrived with six hundred troops from New England and promptly began building Fort Lyman. When Sir William Johnson reached the camp a month later, he found himself in command of more than three thousand men. Mr. Norton once said of Lowell that in the crisis of the war between the States his voice was worth an army corps; Johnson was the equivalent of a division. Intrepid, resourceful, accustomed to create conditions instead of conforming to them, flexible in habit, enamored of the freedom of frontier life, and daring enough to use it to the full, Johnson knew the Indian mind and habit more intimately perhaps than any other man in the colonies; and, what was more important, he had the firm friendship and confidence of the Indians. He lived on the Mohawk on easy terms with life, and especially with his Indian neighbors. An Irishman by birth, he was strongly built, of a commanding spirit and a jovial temper. His house was a castle and a club; it could stand a siege or give hospitality of bed and food and drink to an army of friends. Its master was a born host who drank flip with the Dutch settlers and Madeira with the royal governors; he could trade with the instinct of a modern financier of the advanced school, he could preside at Indian councils and use all the devices of Indian oratory, and he had a genius for international marriages.

Johnson's army was a miscellaneous one; he danced the war dance with his Indians; there were good men and true in it, and there were colonists who came reluctantly and were eager to be back on their farms; they wore many kinds of clothes and carried all sorts of arms. Its morals were variously reported. Parkman quotes William Smith, of New York, as saying, "Not a chicken has been stolen"—a statement unique in the annals of civilized wars. Colonel Ephraim Williams, one of the honorable company of American founders of colleges, wrote: "We are a wicked, profane army, especially the New York and Rhode Island troops. Nothing to be heard among a great part of them but the language of Hell. If Crown Point is taken, it will not be for our sakes, but for those good people left behind." It ought to be remembered that the language of New York has often sounded profane in New England ears, when it was only informally picturesque. There were also prayers and sermons and psalm-singing—largely, it may be suspected, in the New England camps, though even there one detects signs of our common humanity. "As to rum," writes Colonel Williams, "it won't hold out nine weeks;" and he adds these significant words, "Things appear most melancholy to me." Things went slowly, as they usually did with colonial armies. Johnson managed to dine on venison and cheered his guests with good wine; and he gave Lake George, one of the loveliest lakes in America, the name it still bears.

On a day in early September, the French commander, Dieskau, misled by a report that the English had retreated, advanced from Ticonderoga to the point where Whitehall now stands, left a part of his troops, moved forward along the edges of a marsh as far as the head of South Bay, abandoned his canoes, and plunged into the forest, about fifteen hundred men in all—regular troops, Canadians, and Indians. The following evening they were within three miles of a detachment of colonists. Captured drivers of wagons told the French that they had been misled and that the English lay in force at the Lake. Many Indians promptly deserted, but the daring Dieskau pushed forward and met a column of English troops. The French regulars were halted on the road; the Canadians, with the Indians who remained, were hidden in the woods. Johnson meantime had been informed of Dieskau's movements, and decided to send a thousand men in two detachments to "catch the enemy in their retreat."

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The protest of the Mohawk chief who picked up a stick and easily broke it and then tried in vain to break several sticks was heeded, and the detachments were united; but the experienced fighter still demurred. "If they are to be killed," he said, "they are too many; if they are to fight, they are too few."

The ambush had been skillfully laid, and when the English advanced the forest suddenly broke into a blaze of musket shots. Colonel Williams rode swiftly up a little rise of ground, calling his men to follow him, and fell with a bullet through his brain; one of those heroic spirits whose immortality finds its witness here as well as there, and whose name lives in one of the most beautiful of American colleges. Under the terrible enfilading fire of an invisible enemy the colonists recoiled, pressed forward in the face of the murderous flame, and then broke in confusion amid the yells of the Indians. Colonel Williams was still in the fight in the indomitable spirit of his troops, who rallied, made a brave retreat, and ended "the bloody morning scout." An hour after Williams set out the main camp heard the shouts of their retreating comrades, built a hasty barricade with wagons and trunks of trees, planted cannon, and made ready for an assault. Fifteen hundred farmers, most of whom had never heard a gun fired save in sport, their nerves shaken by the catastrophe of the morning, waited the advance of the French regulars marching down the forest road, war-whoops bursting from the woods, and the Canadians and Indians rushing down the wooded hillside. The colonists held their fire until their enemies were close at hand, and then swept the white-coated ranks with grape and compelled them to seek the shelter of the trees, and the fight became a furious fusillade. For an hour Dieskau drove in succession against Johnson's right, center, and left, until he was struck by a shot in the leg, and while the wound was being dressed was shot again in the knee and thigh. Seated behind a tree, the brave Frenchman refused to be moved, and ordered his adjutant to leave him and make a final charge against Johnson's position. But the day was lost; the colonists rushed from their intrenchments, fell like a whirlwind on the French, and drove them in confusion from the field. Dieskau was shot again and was carried to Johnson's quarters, where he narrowly escaped being burned and eaten by the furious Mohawks. He lived to return to Paris and to tell the story of his adventures with Gallic fire and effectiveness.

Johnson failed to follow his victory by a decisive blow; his army was reinforced; but the November snows began to fall, the November winds to howl through the leafless trees; the men began to desert in squads, and the camp broke up. Parkman sums up the campaign in a phrase: "The Crown Point expedition was a failure disguised under an incidental success." Johnson had given Lake George its name, and transformed Fort Lyman into Fort Edward; he had built Fort William Henry, and he had withstood a furious onslaught on his position, but Crown Point and Ticonderoga remained in the hands of the French. He knew, however, how to take the tide at the turn; England soon rang with the story of his bravery, his picturesque career, his commanding personality; Parliament gave him the substantial recognition of five thousand pounds, and the King made him a baronet!

The French took advantage of the period of inaction which followed this indecisive struggle to intrench themselves at Ticonderoga, where two thousand men were set to work building Fort Carillon. An attempt to surprise the garrison of Fort William Henry was foiled by the energy of John Stark, one of the picturesque figures of the later struggle, whose version at the battle of Bennington of the famous phrase "Victory or Westminster Abbey" had a touch of Yankee domesticity. Fort William Henry, after a brave resistance under the command of the spirited Monro, fell into the hands of Montcalm. The story of the massacre which followed when the French lost control of their Indian allies is the most terrible in the history of a region familiar with savage atrocities. Montcalm, a man of the highest standards of honor, begged the infuriated Indians to kill him and spare the English who were under his protection; but their fury was not stayed until they were met by an escort sent out to

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bring in the fugitives. For many decades the tradition of the slaughter of the fated column that set out from Fort William Henry for Fort Edward was the blackest in the annals of the colonies and a lasting grief to Montcalm.

THE DECISIVE STRUGGLE

The decisive struggle begun on the Monongahela was now transferred to Lake Champlain. In our history it is known as the French and Indian War, but the fight in the American woods was part of the world-wide struggle known as the Seven Years' War—one of those conflicts whose tremendous import becomes evident only when the smoke has long passed from the battlefield and the ultimate results stand revealed in the light of history. Voltaire's remark that "such was the complication of political interests that a cannon-shot fired in America could give the signal that set Europe in a blaze" gains dramatic effect when we remember that the man who fired that shot, not from a cannon, but from a musket, was George Washington on the western frontier; the noblest figure who has yet appeared in the New World, unconsciously opening the gate of the Great West and the gate of the Far East in the same moment. Parkman sums up the outcome of this impressive struggle in a few pregnant sentences: "The Seven Years' War made England what she is. It crippled the commerce of her rival, ruined France in two continents, and blighted her as a colonial power. It gave England the control of the seas and the mastery of North America and of India, made her the first of commercial nations, and prepared that vast colonial system that has planted new Englands in every quarter of the globe. And while it made England what she is, it supplied to the United States the indispensable condition of their greatness, if not of their national existence."

MONTCALM

In the New World the "far-flung battle line" extended from Acadia to Fort Duquesne on the Monongahela; but nowhere were the incidents more dramatic or the fights more fierce than in the Champlain Valley. And in the history of colonial strife there is no more spirited and gallant figure than Louis Joseph, Marquis de Montcalm, the protagonist of the French in this world-wide contest. A native of Nîmes, a student and lover of the Humanities, trained in Latin and Greek, a devout reader of the best literature, aspiring to membership in the French Academy, Montcalm was forty-four years old when he appeared at Ticonderoga. He had already served with distinction in the French army and gained an enviable reputation as a commander. Behind the hardships, dangers, and heroism of his service in America one sees always the beautiful home in the fair landscape of Provence, the passionately loved wife, the group of children, the pleasant garden where his heart rested in infinite content, and to which his thoughts traveled with infinite longing until that September day when he fell on the Heights of Abraham, the women crying out as he was borne through the gate of Quebec: "He is killed! The Marquis is killed!" "Do not weep for me, my children," he answered; "it is nothing." And when he was told that the wound was mortal, "So much the better," he said; "I shall not live to see Quebec surrendered." So fell the curtain on one of those noble figures who have lighted the long history of France as with clear-burning torches fed by self-sacrifice; so happily fell Wolfe on the Heights of Abraham, sacred to the memory of the two heroes who entered into immortality through the same gate.

But Montcalm had great labors before him when he took command at Ticonderoga. On the 4th of July, 1758, Lake George was covered by a vast flotilla organized by General Abercrombie, but inspired by Lord Howe, bearing the largest army that had yet been seen in America, fifteen thousand strong, to the northern end of the lake, whence the troops moved into the woods. The regiments leading the march fell into disorder in the dense forests, and were set upon by a party of French who had been watching them from a hill; the main body of the English, opportunely arriving, cut off the attacking force from their base. The French commander, a man of experience in woodcraft, attempted to reach Ticonderoga by a circuit through the forest, but also lost his bearings. These incidents would

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be of slight consequence if a French bullet had not struck Lord Howe, leading the English column, ended a career of singular promise, and wrecked Abercrombie's movement. The elder brother of Viscount Howe, the Admiral, and of Sir William Howe, Washington's antagonist a few years later, the young officer who fell in an otherwise unimportant skirmish between Lake George and Ticonderoga had touched the imagination and won the hearts of the colonists. He had made himself the comrade of his troops, and adopted their methods of fighting instead of insisting on repeating in American forests the tactics of Old World campaigns in the open country. A wave of sorrow swept the country when the news of his death came, and a monument placed in Westminster by Massachusetts attests the singular and tender regard in which he was held.

THE DEFEAT AT TICONDEROGA

When Lord Howe fell in the woods, as Colonel Williams had fallen before him, the soul went out of the army. The capture of the wandering French regiments was a small gain compared with the loss of a brilliant leader. Montcalm quickly supplemented and strengthened his position by throwing up a barricade of trees which hid and protected his men on the ridge which rises northwest of Ticonderoga, and covered the approaches with densely interwoven boughs. A quick-witted antagonist might have made this position untenable by seizing Mount Defiance; but General Abercrombie was not quick-witted. Misled by a report that Montcalm was about to be reinforced, and making the fatal blunder of underrating the genius of Montcalm and the fighting qualities of the French, he ordered an assault in the most difficult and perilous form, a solid bayonet charge—a form of attack obviously impossible. But Abercrombie, like some other commanders of that and later periods, took no account of conditions and accepted no advice from colonists, and sent his troops to death in a hopeless task. Caught in the tangle of boughs, swept by grape and shot, the English and the colonists flung themselves through the long, hot July afternoon with desperate and despairing valor against the deadly network in front of the barricades, only to be driven back, shattered and broken. When night fell two thousand men, dead or wounded, had paid the terrible price of Abercrombie's dullness. When the story of this disastrous battle was told, with accounts of the hasty retreat to Fort William Henry, the colonists revenged themselves by calling the incompetent commander "Mrs. Nabbycrombie."

There were brighter days for English rule in the near future; Louisburg was to be taken for the last time, Duquesne was to be abandoned, Niagara and Fort Frontenac were to pass into English hands, and Wolfe was to climb the steep ascent to victory at Quebec; but the curtain drops on the second act in the drama of race struggle in the valley of Lake Champlain.

THE COLONISTS IN ARMS

When it rose again, the stage setting was unchanged, but one group of actors had disappeared and the other group, long acting together, had become antagonists. The French and Indian War established English authority in Canada, but weakened it in the colonies. The colonists, separated by long distances and slow methods of transit, were divided one from another by local ignorance, provincial jealousies, differences of conviction in matters of religion, statecraft, education, and social order; the struggle on the long frontier had made them aware of a common danger and accustomed them to community of action. Franklin's statesmanlike plan for union was in advance of public opinion, but events were fast ripening the colonial mind for this larger conception of political life in the New World. The years following the struggle with the French were full of agitation and growing restlessness. A home government carried on by a few men ignorant of vital conditions across the Atlantic and of the temper of the high-spirited, freedom-loving Englishmen on the edges of the undeveloped continent, and a great group of colonists, sensitive, independent, restless under a rule which was un-English in spirit and largely in method, involved ultimately an appeal to arms, and the War of the American Revolution took its place as a phase of the struggle for popular government

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among the English-speaking peoples. In its inception not a conflict between two peoples but between a small party at home and a dominant majority beyond seas, it inevitably grew into a decisive trial of strength, bred deep misunderstandings, created passionate antagonisms, and turned the very kinship of the contestants into a source of bitterness. Time and distance, making possible that larger perspective in which events assume their true proportions and relations, and the acts of men stand revealed in their motives, have wrought their ancient and beautiful miracle of healing, and brought in that knowledge which is the unshakable foundation of friendship and respect. "How can I hate him?" said Charles Lamb of one of the most unpopular men of his day; "how can I hate him? I know him." In the light of this knowledge we celebrate to-day the common sincerity and courage of those who faced one another on almost half a hundred fields, and recognize that larger movement of events which makes those who call themselves enemies fight together in the great war for the emancipation of humanity.

THE STRUGGLE TO COMMAND THE LAKE

During the years that followed 1775 scene after scene was enacted on Lake Champlain, and the curtain drops only to rise again on some new incident, some daring exploit, some decisive achievement. It was the stage of many striking episodes, and it found its place in the largest strategical schemes for the suppression of the revolt of the colonists. In this brief survey these events can be recalled only in a series of rapidly drawn sketches. The colonists had gone to Canada more than once in the days of French dominion, and when hostilities broke out the thoughts of the New England patriots turned swiftly to the north. At the very beginning of the struggle a dashing exploit stirred the blood of the whole country. Benedict Arnold eagerly advocated an expedition against Ticonderoga and Crown Point, and went to Berkshire to raise men to carry the project into effect. There he found himself forestalled by Ethan Allen, a leader among the "Green Mountain Boys," who were banded together to resist the encroachments of New York, and a typical colonial American in his sturdy self-reliance, his celerity of action, and his impartial indifference to the formalities of peace or war. This picturesque fighter was acting partly on his own authority and partly on the authority of Connecticut, and declined to recognize the claim of Arnold to the command of the expedition. Thereupon Arnold, who was more eager to fight than to hold office, joined the expedition as a volunteer. At daybreak on May 10 Allen and Arnold crossed the Lake with eighty-three men and unceremoniously broke the slumbers of the Ticonderoga garrison. When the English officer in command, rudely called from his bed, asked Arnold under whose authority he acted, tradition puts into his mouth the brave words, "In the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress." The exact phraseology of Wellington at Waterloo, of Washington when he met Charles Lee at Monmouth, and of Ethan Allen on that historic morning is of small consequence; Allen, by deed and in word, fired the imagination of the thirteen colonies and gave ringing voice to their spirit and purpose. Later in the year a colonial force was at Ticonderoga, and news came that Sir Guy Carleton was planning, with the Iroquois, to make an attack from Canada; a counter-attack upon Montreal was promptly undertaken, and late in August, 1775, General Richard Montgomery, one of the finest tempered men of his time, with two thousand men, advanced quickly from Ticonderoga to Fort St. John's, and two months later entered Montreal, and issued a proclamation urging the Canadians to send delegates at once to the Continental Congress; a delightfully picturesque example of American optimism and an expression, premature in time and ineffective in form, of the lasting friendship which was to come between the Dominion and the United States. Benedict Arnold, who, in the opening days of his career, was the soul of alert audacity and uncalculating daring, made a heroic march meantime through dense forests and across turbulent streams, and climbed the Heights of Abraham the day after Montgomery entered Montreal. Quebec declined to surrender, Carleton

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escaped from Montreal in disguise and took command of the beleaguered city, and Montgomery was forced to come to the aid of Arnold. In a heavy snowstorm, at the darkest hour before dawn on the last day of the year, the two commanders made assaults on two sides of the town, and both fell at what promised to be the moment of success. Arnold was carried from the field severely wounded; and a company of Virginians, under a commander as gallant as themselves, drove themselves like a wedge into the heart of the city. But Montgomery lay dead beyond the walls, and the audacious expedition ended in disaster. The return of Montgomery to New York, borne in state down the Hudson, past the balcony where his devoted wife stood to honor him, is one of the beautiful traditions of war, and his monument in St. Paul's Churchyard in the heart of New York is a perpetual reminder to the throngs that pass and repass on lower Broadway that success lies not in getting but in giving, not in hoarding but in spending. Frederick the Great, the first military authority of his time, praised Montgomery's generalship, and Arnold became a popular hero on both sides the Atlantic. English school-boys saw his portrait in shop windows in little English towns, and knew the story of his daring.

BENEDICT ARNOLD

New York became the center of operations, as it was the center of the colonial system, and the plan to strike the colonies and break them into fragments by seizing New York City and sending a large force up the Hudson to meet and co-operate with Sir Guy Carleton moving down from Canada, recapturing Ticonderoga, and taking possession of the Mohawk Valley, if it had been successfully carried out, might have brought overwhelming disaster to the colonists' cause. When summer came, Sir Guy had twelve thousand men afloat on the upper Lake, and Arnold was working with furious energy at a little fleet manufactured out of hand in Vermont. In September three schooners, two sloops, three galleys, and eight other craft lay off Vulcan Island waiting for the English army from the north, and on the 11th day of October English and American seamen met for the first time in those many trials of strength which have been conspicuous for valor and skill on both sides. After a day of desperate fighting, Arnold's little squadron had inflicted heavy injuries on Sir Guy's fleet, but was itself almost disabled. Its commander's genius, compounded in equal measure of swift insight and swifter action, in the darkness of the night carried his flotilla through the English lines, made for Crown Point, and was not overtaken until near that haven. He sent the fleet with every inch of canvas spread to Crown Point, met three of the largest of Sir Guy's ships, fought four hours with desperate courage, and ran his sinking schooner covered with dead and dying men into a small creek and set her afire, her flag flying until the flames plucked it down. A little later his whole force was in Ticonderoga. Sir Guy, having gained control of the Lake, withdrew his army.

BURGOYNE AT TICONDEROGA

A second plan of campaign was formulated, and again New York was the scene of action. An army was to descend as before on Ticonderoga, a second force was to land at Oswego, take possession of the Mohawk Valley and join the invading party from Lake Champlain, while Sir William Howe was to ascend the Hudson with the main army and meet the two forces from the north at Albany. On the second anniversary of Bunker Hill General Burgoyne appeared before Ticonderoga with an army of nearly eight thousand men, half of them British regulars commanded by officers of tried capacity. The fort was regarded by the colonists as impregnable, and General St. Clair held it confidently with less than half the number of his opponents. As has often happened since the days of Achilles, there was one vulnerable spot: a crag a mile to the south offered an altitude from which the fort could be swept by cannon. General Phillips, one of Burgoyne's most skillful officers, saw the weak point in the situation of the American force. "Where a goat can go a man may go; and where a man can go he can haul up a gun," said Phillips, and under his gallant leadership the men went and hauled up the guns with them, and on the morning of July 5

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there they stood, red-coated and triumphant, on Mount Defiance. St. Clair had his choice of surrender or escape, and, being a sensible person, he reversed the English action and stole across the Lake in the darkness. General Fraser went hot-footed after the Americans, overtook the rear-guard near the village of Hubbardtown, was falling back after a sharp engagement, when he was reinforced, turned, and routed the retreating forces. Ticonderoga again changed hands, and there were those in England who thought the fight was won; in the colonies there were profound discouragement and the usual prompt and unintelligent criticisms. General Schuyler, who was in command of the department, especially suffered; but Schuyler was of a purity and steadfastness which, sooner or later, emerge the whiter for the testing of self-control and patience.

Leaving a large force at Ticonderoga, General Burgoyne set out on the campaign which reflected great credit on his courage but brought irretrievable disaster to his army, wrecked the plan to divide the colonies, and made the final success of the Americans possible. A brave and gallant soldier, a kindly and tender-hearted man, it was his unhappy fate, probably under orders from London, to employ Indian allies, and he tried to pledge them to civilized warfare by forbidding the killing of old men, of women, and of children, and the scalping of living prisoners. When these injunctions were read in England, Burke, who, with Charles James Fox and a small group of the ablest public men of the time, exercised for Americans that right of representation in Parliament which was part of the American contention, made one of his most striking speeches. "Suppose that there was a riot on Tower Hill," he said; "what would the keeper of his Majesty's lions do? Would he not fling open the dens of the wild beasts and address them thus: 'My gentle lions, my humane bears, my tender-hearted hyenas, go forth! But I exhort you, as you are Christians and members of civilized society, to take care not to hurt any man, woman, or child!'"

The story of the campaign, which ended in the surrender of Burgoyne's army, of Schuyler's noble patience and more than Roman dignity, of Arnold's daring and splendid self-forgetfulness, crying out as he fell with a shattered leg to the man who would have driven the bayonet into his assailant, "For God's sake, don't hurt him; he's a fine fellow," does not belong to the Champlain Valley, though so closely associated with it. It was the tragedy of the Revolution that Arnold did not die on that heroic day when he was the lion of the American army, the idol of the American people, the friend of Washington, the dauntless hero of Quebec and Saratoga. The Arnold of Lake Champlain is the most brilliant figure of the Revolution; if he could have died then, with what words of love and honor we should celebrate him to-day! Now we cover him and turn our faces away.

THE BATTLE OF PLATTSBURG

With the surrender of Burgoyne the tide of war rolled southward, and for almost a generation Lake Champlain knew no fiercer struggles than those between the elements. When the War of 1812 began, there were two gunboats in a harbor on the Vermont side; during the summer this force was reinforced by two sloops and four scows—an improvised fleet, ridiculous in size and armament, but a flexible and effective tool in the hands of a skillful and daring commander of the energy of Commodore Macdonough. The flagship of this tiny squadron, the Saratoga, carried twenty-six guns; the English flagship, the Confiance, thirty-seven guns. In the judgment of the Duke of Wellington, the control of the Lake was vital to the success of the invasion which was to inflict a crushing blow on the Americans. An army of nearly fourteen thousand men was massed on the frontier under the command of Sir George Provost. On the last day of August this force crossed the line and marched without opposition to Chazy, entering Plattsburg on the evening of September 6, General Macomb retreating across the river and taking up the bridges. The decisive moment was at hand, and could be made decisive only by the destruction of the American fleet. On the 11th day of September the fleet was at anchor in Cumberland Bay; General Macomb, with less than five thousand men, was intrenched on the Bay in such

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a position as to support the fleet but unable to fire on the English vessels without endangering the American ships. The Bay, two miles wide, afforded sufficient room for the maneuvering of the diminutive squadrons. The English fleet came up with a north tide from Cumberland Head, the Confiance with her battery of thirty-seven guns leading the way, followed by the Linnet, the Chub, and the Finch, supported by eleven gunboats. The Confiance was to engage the Saratoga, giving the Eagle a broadside as she passed on her way; while the Linnet and Chub were to close with the Eagle. Three English ships were to meet the two strongest American vessels, while the Finch, with the gunboats, was to engage the American rear. The American gunboats were stationed between the shore and the fleet, and were negligible in the result. The English fleet rounded Cumberland Head on the morning of the 11th, the Finch leading the way, followed by the Confiance, Linnet, and Chub. The Confiance promptly attacked the Eagle, and drew the fire of the entire American fleet; the wind failed and she was unable to execute the plan of action, but her first broadside killed one-fifth of the Saratoga's crew; the Linnet performed her part by engaging the Eagle, but the Chub suffered such damage that she drifted through the American lines and pulled down her flag. The Linnet, strongly handled, drove the Eagle from the line; the Finch, badly handled, drifted ashore a mile south of the fighting ground and kept her flag at the mast after her consorts had surrendered. The fight became a contest between the Saratoga and the Eagle on the American side and the Confiance and Linnet on the English side, and it was fought to a finish in two hours and twenty minutes. The Eagle, practically silenced on one side, ran down the line, swung her effective side toward the enemy, and kept up a destructive fire on the Confiance. The Saratoga, similarly disabled on the starboard side, followed the tactics of the Eagle, fighting with one arm after the other had been made useless. The Confiance, bereft of her ropes and anchors, was unable to maneuver, and, with only four guns workable, finally struck her colors, followed fifteen minutes after by the Linnet. It was a gallant fight, and the English and American seamen, who are now cheering one another in the harbors of the world, eager, it may be suspected, to stand by in any hour of need, fought with the desperate courage and native aptitude for struggle on the high seas which have placed the two modern navies, on a great disparity so far as numbers are concerned, on the same footing so far as gallantry and skill are concerned. So ended the battle of Plattsburg and the long history of armies and fleets, of the roar of cannon and tumult of battle, in the valley of Lake Champlain. Even then the light of a happier day was in the east. A contemporary record reads in this wise: "The wounded of both fleets, and our army, the same evening, were landed at our cantonment on the island. The enemy was not neglected; prompt assistance was indiscriminately rendered. Those who had but one hour previous been deadly foes, now lodged by each other's side, like brothers and friends, giving and receiving the tenderest words of consolation."

Almost a century has passed since hostile fleets made the hills echo with the thunder of their guns, and armies fought their perilous ways through the wilderness. To-day these are memories of "far-off, unhappy things and battles long ago." A hundred years of peace have come and gone and brought prosperity of hand and brain, of field and craft, of knowledge and religion. Colonial towns have become cities, and twoscore villages look out from under shaded streets to the great hills whence cometh our help. Health, rest, and pleasure have found the valley of the Lake one of those fastnesses of peace and beauty which, like the Garden of the Hesperides, the fair land of the Phæacians, the Forest of Arden, are refuges of the spirit from the turmoil and care, the toil and weariness, of the working world. But nobler than all other prosperities that have come to this beautiful valley, to this lovely lake around which the hills keep watch and ward, is that spirit of brotherhood, that larger and diviner thought of life, which to-day bring together Indian, Frenchman, Englishman, Canadian, American, ancient foes become modern friends; their rivalries the contests of skill and

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industry, their differences those divergences of talent and temperament which give society its endless variety and interest, their competitions the struggles of those who run together for the prizes of life, their growing rest in faith in one another the prophecy of that happier age which is already at our doors.

Fair France: protagonist of liberty through tragic or peaceful years, fearless to face the destiny to which her ardent spirit leads her, lover of beauty and tireless artificer of the things of art, swift to believe in the greatness of humanity and slow to give up her vision of equality and fraternity—how much does civilization owe to her intrepid spirit, her dauntless heart, her restless energy? Manners, freedom, power—they are all hers, and ours because they are hers! England, the garden of the world, in whose shaded lanes, venerable colleges, stately homes, and soaring cathedrals the American finds the background of his early associations, the shrines of the language he speaks and the literature to which he is heir; England, ripe with the beauty of age but strong in unwasted energy of spirit; rarely without her vision, never without her task; poet with her Shakespeare, sailor with her Nelson, soldier with her Wolfe, statesman with her Chatham, organizer and ruler with her Cromer! Canada, home of two races and happy in their comradeship, builder of stately cities, of growing universities, reaper of a prosperity won by hardy toil and sturdy self-reliance, a Dominion swiftly passing into an empire! The Indian, survivor of a people whose story is the tragedy of the undeveloped in the path of the organized race; victim of the law which impels alike the aggressor and the exiled; oppressed that others might be free! The United States, the host of the day, and proud of the friends who keep the festival of peace on her soil; warden of the open gate; keeper of the open house; eager, impulsive, often blundering, always bearing in her heart that faith in man which is faith in God, flowering in the furrows of time and toil!

SUMMER VESPER SERMONS

THE TEMPLE: THE EYE

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

"If thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out and cast it from thee: for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not that thy whole body should be cast into hell. And if thy right hand offend thee, cut it off and cast it from thee: for it is profitable that one of thy members should perish, and not that thy whole body should be cast into hell.

THE eye receives impressions; the hand performs actions. Christ tells his disciples that to receive an evil impression may be as sinful and as dangerous as to perform an evil action.

This is not generally believed. We are accustomed to think of sin as doing something sinful; to regard sin and wrongdoing as nearly synonymous expressions. To sin passively appears almost a contradiction in terms. Not so to Christ. We may sin in receiving impressions no less than in doing deeds. Sin is lawlessness. And law applies to the eye as well as to the hand; to the organs which receive as well as to the organs which act. To look on a neighbor's watch and desire to transfer it to one's own pocket is to be a thief; to look on a woman to lust after her is to be an adulterer; to look on an enemy with desire to take vengeance on him is to be a murderer. To desire evil is to be evil; and the evil eye inspires the evil desire.

We are made by the impressions we receive and the actions we perform; and not less by the impressions than by the actions. Man may be compared to a phonograph which gives back to the ear the impressions which have been received and recorded upon the plate within. Or to a photographic plate that receives an

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invisible impression from the outside world, which, after it has been fixed in the bath, is given back to the world again. "The whole nervous system," says Dr. W. H. Thomson, "in every animal, man included, is first organized by habit. Physiologists, when they speak of nerve centers being organized to perform such and such functions, mean, not that the nerve centers have been created so from the beginning, but that habit has so organized them. But the important principle to bear in mind is that it is the segment of the nervous system which is acted upon by stimuli from the outside world which is the ultimate source of this great fashioner of the nervous system, Habit."[1] Thus every impression received, even more than every action performed, tends to make us what we are.

It is physiologically true that environment tends to determine character. The child brought up among vulgar associates necessarily becomes vulgar; brought up among impure associates necessarily becomes impure. Necessarily—unless vigorous and efficient measures are taken to counteract the environment; that is, unless an efficient counteracting environment can be produced. Unless, for example, the father and mother can erase the vicious impression by substituting in its place a virtuous one, or can arouse the will of the child to abhor the vicious picture and so prevent the picture from exerting a vicious influence on the will. And even then in later life the picture will return at times to plague him.

It is for this reason that modern reformers are putting great stress on a change of environment, are demanding for the poor the external symbols of internal cleanliness. Clean streets, pure water, bright sunlight, are not only physically hygienic, they tend to moral hygiene as well. The boy brought up in a physically clean tenement is more likely to be morally clean than the boy brought up in a dark, dismal, and dirty tenement. It is for this reason we are putting fine pictures on the walls of our school-rooms. They are not mere ornaments; they do not merely promote a good artistic sense in the pupils. They give through the eye impressions of "sweetness and light," and so help to make the pupil pure, by creating in him a habit of pure taste and pure imagination. They are literally helping to determine the convolutions of his brain. The barkeepers are not scientific psychologists; but they understand practically this law of life. Therefore they hang upon their walls lewd pictures in order to stimulate a habit of sensual self-indulgence; for one form of self-indulgence tends to develop a craving for all other forms of self-indulgence. Lust creates appetite, appetite creates lust.

To receive vicious impressions does not merely incite to vicious actions. It does more, much more; it creates vicious character. It is true that seeing, to affect the mind, must be with the mind. It is only when the will consents as well as the eye sees that the character is impressed. "The eye does not see," says Dr. Thomson, "any more than an opera-glass sees." The person sees; the eye, like the opera-glass, is the instrument which he uses. Two persons may read the same book, look at the same picture, listen to the same opera, and receive very different impressions. It is the impression which impresses. But every vicious picture, vicious play, vicious book, vicious article, vicious jest, viciously enjoyed, goes to the making of a vicious character. The eye that looks lawlessly is as sinful and as perilous to character as the hand that acts lawlessly.

[1] Quoted and condensed from "Brain and Personality," pp. 141, 142.

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THE SINGULAR MR. PEPYS

BY H. ADDINGTON BRUCE

NOT quite a century ago there was discovered among a collection of books in Magdalene College, Cambridge University, a set of six volumes of manuscript, written in shorthand of an obsolete type. They were known to form part of a library that had been bequeathed to Cambridge by a well-to-do Englishman, Samuel Pepys, who had figured rather prominently in public affairs during the Restoration period, and, in the hope that they might prove of some historical value, a young undergraduate of an antiquarian turn of mind was commissioned to decipher them. He soon found, to his mingled amazement and delight, that they contained an extraordinarily minute account of the daily life, public and private, of Pepys himself for the ten years 1660-1669, thus including the important epoch of the Restoration, the Second Dutch War, the Great Plague, and the Great Fire; and that in many respects they shed a new light on these events, besides affording a remarkably intimate and vivid view of the state of society in the London of Charles II's time.

Of course they were published, appearing in 1825 under the title of "The Diary of Samuel Pepys, Esq., F.R.S.," and bringing instant comfort to those members of the historical fraternity engaged in depicting Stuart England. Macaulay in particular made free use of Pepys's narrative in writing his monumental "History," and a good story is told of the terror into which he was plunged by dreaming one night that the "Diary" had turned out to be a forgery. But while its publication was a boon to the historians, it worked almost irreparable damage to the memory of its author. He had written it with no thought of its ever seeing the light of day—had set down with unparalleled candor every act in his life, no matter how mean, sordid, or disgraceful. If he drank too much wine; if he ogled the ladies and kissed his cook; if he quarreled with his wife, and deprived her of small pleasures in order that he might gratify his own fondness for high living and fine apparel; if, in his capacity as a public official, he displayed favoritism in the hope of enriching himself through gratuities from "thankful men"—down it all went, nothing extenuated, nothing glossed over.

To the world in which he lived he was a model of eminent respectability. In his marvelous "Diary" he frankly revealed himself to himself as a man of many weaknesses, shortcomings, and even vices. In the words of one critic, he painted himself as Oliver Cromwell wanted to be painted—"warts and all." To be sure, he also recorded much greatly to his credit and contrasting pleasantly with the petty and ignoble traits and incidents that bulked so large in his pages. But so unsparing was he in the revelation of his defects that he could not, once the "Diary" got into print, escape the censure of posterity. Readers of all classes—forgetting that, as Wheatley has pointed out, few could bear the accusing witness of an equally truthful record of their thoughts and actions—condemned the man while praising and enjoying his book, the most charitably inclined regarding him as at best an empty-headed gadabout, busybody, gossip, and time-killer.

Of recent years, however, as the result of more searching investigation into Pepys's character and career than is possible through study of the "Diary" alone, there has been an increasing tendency to restore to him something of what Robert Louis Stevenson called the "halo of historical pomp" in which he had been known to his contemporaries. It is recognized that the "Diary" covers only a portion, and that not the most important part, of his life; and that, if a true estimate is to be had of him, he must be judged not merely by what he said of himself but by what he actually accomplished. Thus judged, it has been found that there are some excellent reasons for holding Pepys in honorable remembrance despite his faults, and gradually the pendulum of opinion has been swinging once more in his favor. The very title of his latest biography, Miss

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Esther Hallam Moorhouse's "Samuel Pepys, Administrator, Observer, Gossip,"[1] indicates the extent to which the research of scholars has compelled a revision of the harsh verdict formerly passed on him.

Not so long ago the emphasis would have been on the "gossip," and little or nothing would have been said of the "administrator." Miss Moorhouse—whose book is more entertaining and soundly informative than any other yet written on Pepys, not excepting Wheatley's "Samuel Pepys and the World He Lived In"—has no difficulty in proving that he was a useful servant of the State at a time when useful servants of the State were uncommonly hard to find; that the later greatness of England on the sea was owing in no inconsiderable part to the patriotic labors of the tipsy, flirtatious Mr. Pepys of the "Diary;" that in devotion to duty and loyalty to country he set a brilliant example to his fellows; and that, in private as well as official life, his virtues distinctly outweighed his failings. Writing sympathetically, yet with keen discrimination, Miss Moorhouse makes no attempt at undue laudation of Pepys, but graphically portrays him as he unquestionably was—one of the most substantial, serviceable, and thoroughly interesting personages of the Restoration epoch.

The time when he began to find himself, as the phrase is, coincided almost exactly with the return of Charles II from his long exile. Until then, it must be said, Pepys's career gave little promise that he would leave any enduring mark, praiseworthy or otherwise, on the pages of history. His youth was spent in poverty and obscurity. The son of an unsuccessful tailor, he was largely dependent for his education on the generosity of more prosperous kinsfolk. He first attended the quaint old grammar school at Huntingdon, where Oliver Cromwell had earlier been a pupil; from there he went to St. Paul's School, in London, and from St. Paul's to Cambridge. He must to a great extent have frittered away his time, for when he began to make his way in the world as a naval functionary he knew so little about mathematics that he had to learn the multiplication table. Of his life at Cambridge no information has come down to us, except a tell-tale entry in the books of Magdalene College, recording that, on October 21, 1653, he was "solemnly admonished for having been scandalously over-served with drink the night before."

Two years later, being then twenty-two, he married a girl seven years his junior, remarkably pretty, but as little blessed with this world's goods as he was. Settling in London with his bride, he entered upon what for a long time proved to be a heart-breaking and almost hopeless struggle to earn a living. In fact, so unsuccessful was he that as late as 1660 the young couple were still living in a garret and on extremely short commons. January 8 of that year he writes in the "Diary:" "To my father's to dinner, where I found my wife, who was forced to dine there, we not having one coal of fire in the house, and it being very hard frosty weather." On another occasion he says: "At noon I went home and dined with my wife on pease porridge and nothing else." And again there is a reference to his having "dined at home in the garret, where my wife dressed the remains of a turkey and in the doing of it she burned her hand."

What little money he made was almost entirely owing to the patronage of a distant relative, Edward Montagu, afterwards Lord Sandwich, who employed him as a secretary and later obtained for him a clerkship in the Exchequer at a salary of fifty pounds a year. This unimportant and unremunerative post Pepys accepted with gratitude, hopeful that it would lead to better things. Nor did he have long to wait. Montagu was among those chiefly instrumental in bringing about the Restoration, and in the "glad harvest time" that followed he did not forget Pepys, obtaining for him an appointment in the Navy Office as Clerk of the Acts.

The salary was not large—three hundred and fifty pounds—but the position carried with it exceptional opportunities for increasing its holder's income by means considered perfectly legitimate in those days, though now severely condemned. Pepys, uncertain how long he would be in office, went to work with a will to make hay while the sun of royal favor was

[1] Samuel Pepys, Administrator, Observer, Gossip. By E. Hallam Moorhouse. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

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shining on him; and within four years his annual "gettings," to use his own curious and expressive phrase, were more than three thousand pounds. But the more he "got" the more he spent, and in time spending became almost as strong a passion with him as "getting." Perhaps because his appetite had been sharpened by long-enforced abstinence, he developed an inordinate fondness for the luxuries of life. Parsimoniously frugal in some ways, he became recklessly extravagant in others, even before he had fairly put behind him the dreary days of poverty. July 1, 1660, he writes in the "Diary:" "This morning came home my fine Camlett coat, with gilt buttons, and a silk suit, which cost me much money, and I pray God to make me able to pay for it." He took an almost childish delight in surrounding himself with the concrete evidences of prosperity—costly furniture, handsome paintings, richly bound books. It was a red-letter day in his life when he was able to take his first drive through the streets of London in his own carriage.

"Abroad with my wife," he proudly records, "the first time that ever I rode in my own coach, which do make my heart rejoice and praise God, and pray him to bless it to me and continue it." Thereafter, as all readers of the "Diary" are aware, the Pepys coach passes gayly through its pages, making an especially glorious appearance one May day:

> Up betimes. My wife extraordinary fine with her flowered tabby gown that she made two years ago, now looked exceeding pretty and indeed was fine all over. And mighty earnest to go, though the day was very lowering; and she would have me put on my fine suit, which I did. And so anon we went alone through the town with our new liveries of serge, and the horses' manes and tails tied with red ribbons, and the standards thus gilt with varnish, and all clean, and green reins, that people did mightily look upon us; and the truth is I did not see any coach more pretty, though more gay, than ours all the day; the day being unpleasing, though the Park full of coaches, but dusty and windy and cold, and now and then a little dribbling of rain; and what made it worse, there were so many hackney coaches as spoiled the sight of the gentlemen's.

This last is a truly Pepysian touch, and reflects both its writer's vanity and his intense desire to appear well in the eyes of the world. "Keeping up appearances" was, at that time at all events, almost a monomania with him. To that end, as well as because he really enjoyed it, he was a habitual attendant at the theaters, coffee-houses, and other amusement places frequented by polite society, lavished large sums on the adornment of his person, and gave expensive banquets. At one of these, as he reports with pardonable pride, he had as his guests Lord Sandwich, Lord Peterborough, Lord Hinchingbroke, Sir Charles Harbord, and Sir William Godolphin. In his anxiety to give not the slightest cause for unfavorable comment "he hired a man to come the day before to lay the cloth and fold the napkins." After welcoming his guests:

> Dinner was brought up, one dish after another, but a dish at a time, but all so good: but, above all things, the variety of wines and excellent of their kind I had for them, and all in so good order, that they were mightily pleased, and myself full of content at it; and indeed it was, of a dinner of about six or eight dishes, as noble as any man need to have, I think; at least, all was done in the noblest manner that ever I had any, and I have rarely seen in my life better anywhere else, even at the Court. After dinner my Lords to cards and the rest of us sitting about them and talking, and looking on my books and pictures, and my wife's drawings, which they commended mightily; and mighty merry all day long with exceeding great content, and so till seven at night; and so took their leaves, it being dark and foul weather. Thus was this entertainment over, the best of its kind and the fullest of honor and content to me that ever I had in my life.

All of which would seem to indicate that Mr. Pepys's head had been pretty thoroughly turned by his rapid access of wealth. Yet, beneath all his frivolity, ostentation, boastfulness, and toadyism, there was a solid substratum of common sense and real strength of character. While he was apparently flitting through life like an idle butterfly, he was in reality rendering far more efficient service to his country than many who held rigidly aloof from the gilded Court of Charles II. His clerkship in the Navy Office meant more to him than merely an easy means of growing rich. He appreciated its responsibilities, and, although at the outset he knew nothing of naval matters, set himself diligently to remedy his ignorance and fulfill properly the duties of his post. Often he was at his desk at four in the morning, studying every phase of the

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business of the navy, from the building and outfitting of a ship to the pensioning of a disabled sailor. Unlike his better-informed but less industrious and conscientious colleagues, he went about spying out abuses in the dockyards and elsewhere, and pressed earnestly for reforms. At Woolwich in 1662 he found "all things out of order," at Deptford "laziness" and "many abuses," and at Chatham "great disorder." One day, in company with Anthony Deane, the famous shipbuilder, he rode into Waltham forest, and was shown "the whole mystery of off square, wherein the King is abused in the timber that he buys, which," says Pepys, "I shall with much pleasure be able to correct."

Following up his words by deeds—for, although quite willing to receive "presents" from contractors in whose way he had thrown business, he was not to be bribed from the performance of what he regarded as his duty—Pepys was soon in high favor, if not with the easy-going Charles II, at any rate with his brother James, Duke of York, whose interest in the welfare of the navy was one of his few redeeming qualities. But it was not a time for instituting far-reaching reforms, and, as history tells us, the outbreak of the Second Dutch War, in 1665, found England in a state of wretched unpreparedness. No man felt more keenly than did Pepys the disgrace of the ease with which the Dutch so completely secured command of the sea as to be able to destroy English ships in English harbors; and no man struggled more loyally to avert disaster. Plague, fire, and the alarm of the Dutch invasion followed one another in quick succession, yet he remained faithfully at his post. Candid as always, he confesses in the "Diary" that he would have much preferred running away with those who fled from the death-swept city. But, conquering his fears, he stood his ground, writing to his friend Sir William Coventry: "You, sir, took your turn of the sword; I must not grudge to take mine of the pestilence."

It was about this time that the Duke of Albemarle, formerly Cromwell's great fighting general, George Monk, glowingly described Pepys as "the right hand of the navy." He was ere long to come into prominence as its defender—or, to be more exact, as a defender of those responsible for its maladministration. After the war, as was only natural, public indignation centered on the officers of the Navy Board, and they were summoned to the Bar of the House of Commons to explain why they had failed to send out the fleet in a proper condition to fight the Dutch. Whether because they wished to make a scapegoat of him, or because they felt that none among them was so well qualified for the task, his fellow-commissioners deputed Pepys to act as spokesman for the entire Board. It was, as may be imagined, an anxious moment when he found himself facing the "furious and passionate" House; and he naïvely admits that, in order to fortify his courage for the ordeal, he drank freely of brandy and mulled sack while on his way to Westminster. Nevertheless, however nervous he might feel, he was able to deliver a three hours' speech so shrewdly composed and so eloquently voiced as to cause a complete cessation of the proceedings against the Board.

It was not merely a successful defense—it was a personal triumph for Pepys, who was showered with compliments, all of which are duly chronicled in the "Diary" with the infantile glee characteristic of its author. At heart, however, Pepys knew that he had but made the best of a bad case, and that the Navy Office really stood in sore need of reform. To bring this about, he secretly urged on the Duke of York, then Lord High Admiral, the desirability of making a most searching "inquisition" into the conduct of naval matters, and had the satisfaction of seeing some definite improvements made. Unfortunately, the little good accomplished was speedily undone by the passage of the Test Act, whereby, on declaring himself a Catholic, the Duke of York was deprived of command of the Navy. Personally, Pepys profited for a time by the change, King Charles promoting him from Clerk of the Acts to the more important position of Secretary of the Admiralty. But under the new order of things his hands were effectually tied so far as concerned the effecting of the reforms on which he had set his heart.

He was, he bitterly declared, "only the

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King's remembrancer," and the "remembrancer" of a King "who did hate the very sight and thought of business." Pepys's letters of this period—he no longer kept the "Diary"—contain many passages picturing vividly the low estate into which the English navy fell during Charles's latter years. And presently he became a mere spectator of its decline, for in the hubbub raised over the Popish Plot he was accused of being a Catholic, removed from office, and clapped into the Tower. Color was lent to the charges against him through the loyalty with which he had adhered to the Duke of York after the enactment of the Test Act; and in this connection we come upon a letter that affords more clearly than anything in the "Diary" an insight into the underlying nobility of his nature. To the Duke, shortly before his imprisonment in the Tower, Pepys wrote:

> Whether I will or not, a Papist I must be, because favored by your Royal Highness, and found endeavoring, on all fitting occasions, to express in the best manner I can the duty and gratitude due to your Highness from me. But how injuriously soever some would make those just endeavors of mine towards your Highness inconsistent with Protestancy, neither they, nor any ill usage I can receive from them, shall (by the grace of God) make me any more quit the one than I suspect your Royal Highness will ever take offense at my perseverance in the other.

Easily clearing himself of the Popery charges, Pepys remained a man without settled occupation until June, 1684, when Charles, aroused to a belated appreciation of the deplorable consequences of his neglect of the navy, appointed him Secretary of the Admiralty, this time with the intention of giving him a free rein in the working of reforms. The problem had now become more than one of reformation, however. It was Pepys's task, to quote Miss Moorhouse's striking phrase, "to restore the navy of England from a few rotting hulks to a fleet in being." There was scarcely one seaworthy ship, incompetency and dishonesty were rampant in every department, and discipline was at the lowest possible point. Yet Pepys—the "absurd little fellow" who had once been so supersensitive about the cut of his clothes and the setting of his dinner table—did not shrink from the terrific burden all this entailed.

Instead, he went to work with genuine enthusiasm, and with not one whit less diligence than in the apprentice days of twenty-five years before, when he was painfully endeavoring to master the rudiments of naval knowledge. As he had done then, so he did now—went probing and peering everywhere, visiting the dockyards, examining the ships in the harbors, poking into magazines and storehouses. As in the old days, also, he was impervious to bribes, refusing even the proffered "gifts" of those whom he commissioned to execute needed repairs. The death of King Charles only spurred him to greater effort; and with good reason, for Charles's successor, James II, was that same Duke of York who had always shown himself friendly to Pepys and naval betterment.

Still, for a time not even the "conjunction of the King who cared and the Secretary who really understood his work" sufficed to float the English navy from the mud-banks of mismanagement on which it had so long been stranded. There were moments when Pepys was driven to declare that "things have declined to a yet more deplorable degree of calamity." What was needed was a thorough housecleaning, and to this, after much persuasion, James finally gave his consent, appointing an entirely new Navy Board, every member of which was nominated by Pepys and indorsed by him as being "industrious, faithful, and of approved ability." It was not, perhaps, the most aristocratic Navy Board of Stuart times; but it was far and away the most honest and capable, and in less than three years, under the wise direction of the ever-watchful Pepys, it had brought the navy back again into a state "worthy its name and the safety of England."

Pepys's work was done—and how well done was soon shown in the victories gained by English fleets over the sea-power of France in the closing years of the century. But in these triumphs he had no part. The coming of William of Orange and the flight of James brought his connection with the Admiralty to a sudden close. The new ruler could not be expected to regard with favor, or even without suspicion, one who had been so intimately associated with the deposed monarch. March 9 1689, Pepys re-

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ceived a peremptory order of dismissal—possibly not altogether unwelcome in view of his advancing years—and with this order he passed forever out of public life. Yet we still catch occasional glimpses of him, in the letters and memoirs of the period, lingering on in peaceful retirement, among his friends and his books, until, in the second year of Queen Anne's reign, the last and unescapable summons came.

A SUMMER IN AN OREGON LUMBER CAMP

BY GREGORY MASON

IT was Sunday afternoon, and the men were swimming in the water above the dam. A tenderfoot had been teaching the backward dive to one of the Canadians, and already the pupil was more proficient than the teacher.

Standing on a railing ten or twelve feet above the water, he called in a musical baritone:

"Everybody bal-ànce!
We *did* bal-ànce!
Well, bal-ànce again!"

At the last word, with a graceful spring backwards, he disappeared in the water, and a moment later his blond head bobbed up far out in the stream. Swimming back and clambering up the bank to the rail, he repeated the chant and the dive.

It was my first Sunday in camp, and my tired muscles were enjoying to the full the refreshment of the dip in the cool water. The morning had been passed by the loggers in washing and mending their clothes, writing letters, or reading. As the deer season was open, the men who were lucky enough to own guns had gone off for the day to the mountains, and the rest were spending the long, hot afternoon in the pool.

We were in a "temporary" camp built to clear a small section of timber, and the men lived in tents instead of in the regulation wooden "bunk" houses. Tent life has many advantages in summer, but to the tenderfoot the supreme advantage of a tent is that it is furnished with spring beds instead of the hard board "bunks" built one above another against the walls of the bunk house and making, in spite of the straw ticks with which they are furnished, far from luxurious beds. Fortunately, a real logger is not very particular about his bed. After a hard day's work in the woods he can sleep on anything. Our meals, cooked by the wife of one of the firemen, who, besides providing a really tempting table, kept us supplied with all the local gossip, were served by the daughter of Jim the "hook tender" in the cook-house, a large tent fitted with long benches and tables. The price of each man's fare, reckoned at twenty cents a meal, was, with his hospital tax, subtracted from his wages on pay day. All kinds of supplies—clothing, tobacco, and so on—could be bought at the commissary kept by the company.

The charges at this particular camp and the prices at the commissary were most reasonable, but one heard of camps less fortunate, where the charges and taxes were so excessive and the changes of men so frequent that the employers must have made a money profit on their wage expenditure.

The method of logging has changed materially in the past few years. Fifteen years ago logging was done with horses; to-day, after the tree is cut, it is done by steam. The "falling" (or felling) is done by timber "fallers," who work in pairs. After the tree is "falled," "bucked" (cut into proper lengths), and "sniped" (the small branches cut off and the ends trimmed), all the hauling from the woods and out to the river or railway is done by steel cables run by donkey engines.

The average logger is a good fellow. Though of course the shirk and the loafer are found in every camp, the man who only

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works when "de boss" is around is soon discovered and invited to look for a job elsewhere. In our camp the majority of the men were of German or Swedish extraction, with a sprinkling of Canadians and native Americans. Their ages ran from that of the nine-year-old "whistle punk," who gave the signals for log-hauling, up to forty-five and fifty; but there is no place in a lumber camp for a man who has lost his full vigor. And so severe is the life that though the younger men are as a rule well built, some having muscles that would make a college athlete envious, the older ones were, in the words of one of them, "strong but all stove in." They are working ten hours a day all the year at the hardest kind of manual labor; in the winter, what with the continual rains and the log-driving in the river, they are wet through to the skin all day long. Even the strongest constitution must suffer from such conditions, and it is no wonder that many of them are "stove in," and all short-lived.

There is a spirit of good fellowship among the loggers which is hard to find excelled in any calling. Every man is willing to help his neighbor, and in turn is not shy in asking his neighbor to help him.

In the evening, after the day's work, the men gather in little groups; some playing cards, some talking politics around the stove, while a third and larger group surrounds the foreman of one of the "donkeys," a big, good-natured fellow, who plays the fiddle. At his side is the saw-filer, who faithfully accompanies him with a mouth-organ. Over in the corner one of the timber-fallers is busily calking his boots, while others loll about with pipes dangling from their mouths, or pore intently over ancient magazines. Most of these magazines are yellow with age, and some date back ten or fifteen years, but that does not bother the logger, who reads them for the short stories and not for contemporary information. With the newspapers it is different, and a paper which is more than three months old is considered out of date and good for nothing but pipe-lights.

Politics is an interesting matter to the lumber-jack, and the pros and cons of the political situation are threshed out in endless arguments. Indeed, wherever an argument starts it is pretty sure to end in politics, sometimes degenerating to personal insults or to blows. I remember one which was particularly engrossing. Dutch John began it by asserting that beer was a more healthful beverage than coffee. Sandy Bill, declaring this a rash statement, undertook to portray the terrible results of beer-drinking. As the argument waxed hotter several men detached themselves from the groups that were playing pedro or listening to the fiddler, and took sides with the debaters. Somebody quoting the Bible to strengthen his assertions, instantly the controversy over the respective merits of beer and coffee was forgotten in a religious discussion. Hardly had this begun, however, when in some mysterious way the argument was switched on to Socialism. The comparatively few Socialists[1] in the camp made up in ardor what they lacked in numbers, and as the whole camp was by this time defending one side or the other, the situation was growing more and more critical. The speakers lost all hold on the argument and devoted themselves to slighting reflections on the characters, habits, and personal appearance of their opponents. Only the arrival of "de boss," who wanted help in putting out a small brush fire up the mountain, prevented further trouble.

Our camp was fortunate in being only six or seven miles from a small settlement where dances were occasionally held in some woodsman's cabin. These festivities were always "pulled off" on Saturday nights, beginning about nine o'clock in the evening and lasting till sunrise. On Friday evenings preceding the dances all the young bucks in camp assembled in the largest tent and held a sort of dancing school, teaching one another new steps and practicing the old ones; at these times Big Ed, the fiddler, was in great demand, and indeed he enjoyed it as much as any one. The favorite dances were the waltz and the quadrille, but the two-step and the "three-step shuffle" were also popular. These dance rehearsals usually lasted for fully two hours, and, although they were strictly stag affairs, were almost as lively and noisy as the dances themselves.

The moment the six o'clock whistle

[1] I was unable to discover that the adherents of any particular party were in the majority, but I was interested to observe that few of the best workers were Socialists.

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blew, the Saturday I attended one of these dances, there was a general scramble for soap and towels, and a rush for the river bank only a stone's throw from camp. After a brief but thorough sousing, the "boys" hurried back to their tents and tumbled into their "glad rags" as quickly as possible, in order to be dressed when the supper gong sounded. The fine points of the toilet, such as shaving and neckties, were left until after supper. There was not much conversation at the table, for every one was attending strictly to business, but what talk there was all concerned the coming dance. There was some speculation as to who the fiddler would be, and "Ed" was advised to take his fiddle with him in case of an emergency. "Ed" said nothing, but, being a wise youth and preferring dancing to fiddling, carefully forgot to take it. Supper eaten, and the last touches of the toilet successfully if hastily added, we all set out in a body on the hard seven-mile walk over a corduroy road. At last we reached the brightly lighted cabin whence issued a babble of feminine voices, and some of us entered.

Inside, the women, most of whom were married and had brought their babies with them, were seated against the wall on the farther side of the single room of the building. There was now a considerable delay, owing to the non-appearance of the fiddler. The host despatched some one to look him up at his home two miles across the valley, and at last he appeared, bringing with him an assistant to reinforce the orchestra on this especially gala occasion.

The dance began. Every one took part, and the cabin, which was only fifteen by thirty feet, was crowded with whirling couples. The thermometer that day had been as high as 96 degrees, but now that night had set in, the temperature, as is usual in the Northwest, dropped rapidly, and in spite of the large lamps beating down on the closely packed room we were uncomfortably chilly.

The opening quadrille was followed by a two-step and a waltz. This sequence of dances was continued, with only a short pause for refreshments, until the first streaks of light showed in the east.

Whenever a quadrille was announced, "Big Jack," a "riggin' rustler," was requested to call off the figures. Standing on a soap-box in a corner of the room, and fully conscious of his responsibilities, he chanted at the top of his voice:

"Come to de center an' meet your Jo,
With a do, si, do, an a change, you know."

Or:

"First an' third couples divide:
Swing in de middle an' meet on de side."

The dancers, with the exception of the ignorant tenderfoot, followed his instructions with commendable precision.

The tenderfoot made one *faux pas* which threatened serious consequences, when, instead of joining the men at their side of the room at the end of a dance, he attempted to seat himself beside his recent partner. Not noticing that a bundle of shawls concealed her six-months-old baby, he sat squarely on the infant's foot. A howl of pain from the child and a shriek of anger from the mother informed him of his mistake. His profuse apologies and the diplomacy of his friends with difficulty appeased the wrath of the infant's father.

At the first signs of daybreak the party began to disperse, but the last couples did not leave until it was broad daylight.

Visiting the camp as I did in the summer season, I saw the life at its very best. If the heavy work during the hot day was arduous, the invariably cool and often chilly nights restored one's strength. The beauty of the country and the fascination of the outdoor life were almost intoxicating.

On the other hand, the life of the lumberman is beset with grave dangers. In spite of constant alertness, the men cannot entirely avoid serious, sometimes fatal, accidents. A snapping cable, whirling its way through the woods, or even into camp, winds itself like a snake around anything in its path, and is powerful enough to cut a man in two. A tree falling but a few feet to right or left of the intended point may strike a stump, rebound, and crush the life out of a vigorous man in a moment.

At the end of my visit just such an accident occurred. One of my tent-mates, a strong and experienced young "faller," miscalculating the fall of a giant fir on a side hill, was crushed under it, and brought back to camp dead.

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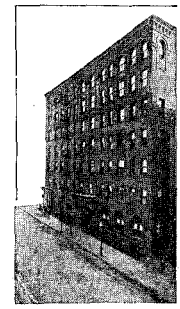

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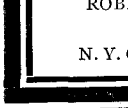

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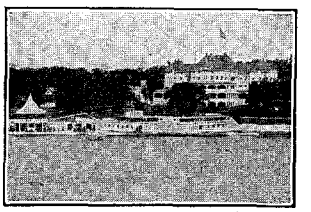

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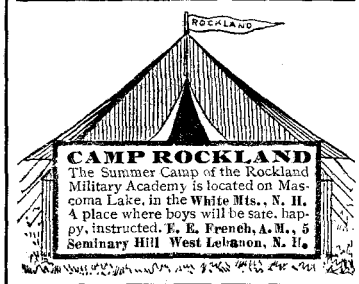
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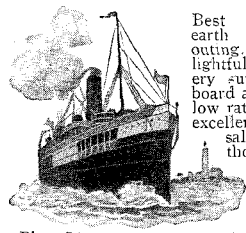

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